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## **THE NEW PASTOR**

**By Lum Jones**

Author Of:  
The Old Pastor  
The Enlargement Of Hell

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## **CONTENTS**

Introduction

- 01 -- Chapter
- 02 -- Chapter
- 03 -- Chapter
- 04 -- Chapter
- 05 -- Chapter
- 06 -- Chapter
- 07 -- Chapter
- 08 -- Chapter
- 09 -- Chapter
- 10 -- Chapter
- 11 -- Chapter
- 12 -- Chapter
- 13 -- Chapter
- 14 -- Chapter

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## INTRODUCTION

Evangelist Lum Jones is a forceful preacher. Everybody may not always agree with him, but they always know what it is that he is saying. He always calls a spade a spade and never speaks of it as "an agricultural implement to be used in excavating earth." He never speaks of sin as weakness nor of moral depravity as "a slight twist." He is thundering in his denunciation of sin and definite in his demands for Bible salvation and New Testament righteousness. With him, all men are sinners or saints-there is no neutral ground. He is as unflinching as John the Baptist and as realistic in his apostolic idealism as Peter, the fisherman from Galilee.

But this book is a new role for its author. It is a story so full of human interest that one can scarcely lay it down until he has read it all. Such preaching as it contains is found rather in its characters and in the judgments which they suffered and the promotions to which they attained than in the direct pronouncements of the author himself. But for all that, it is a good book. Its theology is Biblical, its philosophy is orthodox, its logic is convincing, and its appeal is urgent. Its fearful aspects are drawn in chaste language, so that children can read it. Its story is so human that young people will read it. Its domestic phases are so practical that parents should read it. Its religious pedagogy is so exceptional that preachers must read it. And its whole religious atmosphere is so sane and yet so intense that everyone with a soul to save and fit for the skies will find here a message, a warning, and an inspiration. It is a book for all callings, all ages, and all types. It ought to be distributed by the thousands, and wherever it is distributed it will be read; for its own compelling force will see to that. Everyone who buys this book, sells this book to another, or reads the book for himself will be either doing good or receiving good. Brother Jones has greatly multiplied the scope of his effective ministry by sending forth this message in printed form.

J. B. Chapman,  
Editor Herald of Holiness

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## 01 -- CHAPTER

The new pastor had arrived at the scene of his labors for the coming year and had preached his first sermon at the morning service. In the afternoon anyone who was listening in might have heard the following conversation over the phone:

"Wasn't that great this morning? My, but isn't he a great man? And his manner is simply grand. It is a wonder we ever got a man like him. I am sure there is no man on earth that could take his place. What did you say? Am I going tonight? Well, I should say I am. I do not want to miss hearing a man like he is. Wait just a minute.

"Jimmie, go get ready, it will soon be church time. Hurry, Mary, and get ready. Go, Clarence, and see that the chickens are in the coop, and do not lose any time; we must hear the new pastor.

"Hello, are you waiting? I thought maybe you had left the phone, for I know you would not miss tonight for anything."

"What do you suppose he will preach about tonight?"

"I can't say, but I am sure his subject will be great whatever it may be. I am sure you are glad since we have gotten rid of that other man. There is so much difference in the preaching of the two men. The old pastor would just see how bad he could make us feel, just because we missed Sunday school a few times, or because we were not on time for church. We just have so much to do until we hardly ever attend Sunday school. And I never cared much for Sunday school. I never could get interested much, as it always seemed so dry. If we missed a few prayer meetings, when we wanted to drive out for some fresh air, that man did not seem to have any mercy.

"Just about the last time he preached when I was there, I know he must have been mad about something. Did you see how he looked while in the pulpit? He preached right at me that morning. When he was talking about the ones that would stay away from prayer meeting, the folks all looked at me; and I vowed that morning I would not hear him preach any more, and I made my word good. My! I am so glad our new pastor is not that way. He came clear to the back to shake hands with me this morning. I just wanted to see if he would notice me is why I did not go to the front. Our old pastor was not that way. I should say he wasn't. The last time I was in that church before he left, he did not even shake hands with me, and it had been days since he called on me to pray. Of course, I did not care for that, but it would have looked much nicer in him to have shown us at least some respect. We have always stood by the church with our money. We gave a dollar to the last evangelist, and when we did not give ten the pastor tried to look through us. The thing he wanted to do was to embarrass John, for all the church knew that John was getting a good salary. But I don't think God wants us to give away all we have. And then, too, we bought our new car and have to make the payments. All you could hear out of the old pastor was 'money, money, money.' I never did think a man ought to be talking money all the time. That isn't gospel. If he would love the people and say nothing about money, he would do better. That man seemed to think John was the only man to pay. They wanted us to pay a tenth; he called it tithes. We could not afford to pay that much, for John makes too much money. Our tithes would be fifteen dollars a month; and, too, we have had so much sickness here of late it takes about all we make to get by. It looks as though we would not be able to meet our obligations this month.

"They try to make us believe that is why we are so hard run, because we do not pay tithes. I have always been sorry for Brother Berry; he puts all he has into the church, then he would sit around and let our old pastor do him any way. After the pastor had mistreated me and my family, what do you think? Brother Berry voted to call him back. If it had not been for the influence of John, Brother Fuller, and a few others, they would have called him back. Of course, since he treated our children as he did, and since John and I were not going to vote for him, the

children voted against him, and Brother Fuller just told Worthy she could not vote for him. I am sure John did more to defeat him than all the rest, yet Brother Fuller was with John. We only had one vote to the good, but that put him out. I hope we can keep our new pastor at least four or five years. I think our new pastor is so thoughtful of us. In the first service he called on Mary to sing a special, and I thought she did so well, and it seemed to take well with all that were there. It seems to me we would do a great deal better in the song service if they would only put Sister Fuller's daughter in as pianist, for she is real good. But I am sure our new pastor will take care of that as soon as he finds out how she can play. I think she and Mary would make things hum if they had a chance.

"What did you say? Yes, Sister Fuller thought they ought to have put Worthy in as church pianist; but our old pastor was so old foggy and narrow, just because Worthy's sleeves were short, and she had her hair bobbed, he said she was not fit to play.

"What did you say? Well, I should say not. You know we cannot put old heads on young people, and I cannot see any harm anyway in short sleeves. Worthy would feel so embarrassed to wear long sleeves in this hot weather, and what would Kate think of her? She would call her 'Old Foggy.'

"Well, it doesn't seem that Worthy is as spiritual as before she had her hair bobbed, but you know Sister Fuller said they just had to bob it, for it was all coming out. Of course, I have known Sister Fuller for a long time, and she would not hear to Worthy's having her hair bobbed. But since it was coming out so badly, I do not think there is any harm in it.

"And do you know it isn't doing a thing that makes it so bad, but it is the spirit in which it is done. No one could make me believe Worthy wanted to bob her hair for style, for she has never cared for style. Well, you see one extreme calls for another.

"Just the last time I was in church before our old pastor left, he looked right at me and said: 'Did you not promise the pastor, God, and all present that you would not wear gold? And here you are with a gold ring on.' He knew I had my ring on that day. My, but that sure did stir John. When we got home he said, 'You have as much right to wear your ring as anyone else, and there is no use being a crank about as small a thing as a ring.' It was not that I cared for what he said, it did not even move me; but John took it so hard. That man had the nerve to say, 'You claim to love God with all your heart; what about the heathen?' And then he went on to say, 'You have not paid anything to missions.' He knew that neither John nor Brother Fuller had paid anything to missions.

"What did you say? Well, no, he did not look at any of us as he was preaching, but all the church knew whom he meant. And, too, John has never believed much in missions. I would like to pay some for missions, but we are just not able.

"Why did we not quit the church? Well, John has been talking about it; and I do believe if we had not gotten rid of that other man, he would have ruined our church talking 'money, money, money.' Oh, I am so relieved to think we have such a good man this year.

"Did you notice this morning our new pastor did not say anything about that paper they call the Herald? We could hardly go to church without being reminded that we did not take the Herald. We are just not able to take it. The daily costs six dollars a year, and John just would not be without it; and too, he never did enjoy reading the Herald. Someone sent it to us for five months once; I think it must have been the old pastor. John said he did not like that Herald, for in it he would find something about money. The editor would at times write about it, and then here would come an article from the General Secretary about missions; and as soon as John would see this, he would throw it aside. If it were not for this, then it was something about home missions. Neither John nor I believe in sending men out and paying them. Let them go out and open up new fields and make their way, for the Bible says that salvation is free. Some talked as if we were not loyal just because we would not give when they took an offering to buy that new tent for home missions. I sure hope our new pastor will stop these drives. Just the other day, we had a fellow over here to make a speech about the holiness school. He wanted money; but he got none from us, and won't the next time. They said we were to pay one dollar each. What do you think of that? Did you all give anything?"

"No, Husband did not pay. He said he did not want to throw his money away. Yes, I know they train missionaries there; but you see we have never been very strong on missions."

"Mama, I am ready for church. Can I go play ball?"

"Yes, but don't get your clothes soiled."

"I won't."

"Do you know our old pastor preached so much against Sabbath desecration until our children did not want to hear him. I can't see any harm in letting Clarence play ball on Sunday. If you don't let them play ball, they will do worse; and, too, Clarence will soon be grown. He will be fifteen his next birthday. John and I always thought pretty well of our old pastor's wife until one day she said something about putting on paint. Of course, I don't use paint; but since the other girls use it, Mary wanted a box. And since Mary is the only girl, I told John to get it for her. She doesn't put on very much; and then, too, I had rather let Mary use paint than to have her leave home. Just the other day she threatened to leave home and get married, and she is so self-willed that I knew she would do it.

"Mary, what are you doing?"

"I am curling my hair and getting ready for church."

"Jimmy, go call Clarence. Your papa will be here soon."

"Mama, where is Daddy?"

"He went to get gas."

"Hello. I suppose if Brother Berry finds out John bought gas today, he will want to know why we did not get it yesterday. Here is John, so I'll see you at church. Good-bye."

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## 02 -- CHAPTER

"Clarence, oh, Clarence."

"What do you want?"

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Well, call Jimmy."

"Let, Mary."

"Mary, call your brother."

"All right," was the answer.

Mother said, "Mary, do you think my dress is too short?"

"No, it's all right. Our new pastor has some sense; he won't say anything about it. Is the paint straight on my face?"

"Turn around and let me see. Yes, it's all right." Soon they were off for church. John seemed to be angry, and in no mood to attend church; so on their way, something was said about the roads being so rough.

John replied, "Well, if you do not want to ride in this car, get out."

No more was said until they reached the church, and Mrs. Wright said to her husband, as he was bringing the car to a stop, "Why don't you park the car over on the other side?"

John flew into a rage and said, "Who has this wheel, you or me?. You talk as if I did not have sense enough to drive. I wish you would keep your mouth. I can't drive this car without you're putting in. If you say any more, I'll drive home and stay there, then leave you car and all."

"John, the folks will hear you," replied his wife.

"I don't care if they do. I'm getting tired of being bossed around."

Then Mrs. Wright said, "John Wright, this is not the first time you have taken such spells as this. If you want to go, just go. I lived before I saw you. You think no one knows anything but you. When I try to tell you anything, you blow up. I have stayed home, worked, and slaved for you until you think you can do me any way. I will show you some things. Come on, Jimmy," said mother; "we will go home and stay there."

"Mother," said the boy, "let's stay." John got out, but he was so furious he wished he'd die.

"The people will hear you and Dad fussing," said Mary.

"Keep your mouth, or I will slap your face for you." Clarence, hearing the fuss, said nothing.

"What do you want to do, John?" said Mrs. Wright. John, murmuring something, walked on toward the church. When they went in, John was seated over on one side of the church. His wife and Jimmy took a seat near the front. Clarence stopped in the back as he went in. Mary was seated on the rostrum beside Worthy. The new pastor soon called the people to prayer. John only hung his head over the bench, his wife partly kneeled, while Mary and Worthy sat up. Clarence was talking in the back of the house.

All this time, the past was coming up before John and his wife, while the keen words spoken by each were bearing on their consciences. John was trying to justify himself; yet something seemed to tell him that for months he had not felt the Spirit of the Lord. All this time the new pastor was praying, and in his prayer he asked God to bless the ones, if there be any, that did not have what they professed; and in his prayer the name of the old pastor was called, when he asked God to bless the good man who had striven to build up the work.

Just at this time, John's wife was reminded of the conversation over the telephone that afternoon. While the Spirit of God was talking to her, she heard a voice that seemed to say, "You ought to be saved." And all this time it was running through her mind how she and John, with Brother Fuller's family, had used their influence to move the old pastor, and he had gone away brokenhearted. But it was more than she could bear to right these wrongs. To do so meant the whole church would know what she had done. And, too, she could not endure the thought of writing the old pastor and telling him how she had worked against him in the last election.

"Amen" was heard from the new pastor. All arose and the song, "I'm One of Them," was called for by Brother Berry. God came upon the service, and such singing as there was, while Sister Berry was shouting over the house, forgetting the sacrifices they had made to bring the church to where it was now; but there was a sad look on the faces of John and his wife. The new pastor called out the song, "Where He Leads Me, I Will Follow." There seemed to come a burden upon the church. Brother Berry sat with his hands over his face; and yet, while God had not called on him to go to the mission field, he thought of the girl that they had given to go. He was not sorry that God had called on them to give their daughter, and in his heart there seemed to be something saying, "I wish I had others to give." He thought of the time when he had given the last cent for missions. But God had blessed them with good health, and they had given more this

year to the work of the Lord than any time in their lives. As they were singing "I Can Hear My Saviour Calling," he remembered the time when God called for his only girl But he heard the call from God again before the dosing of this verse. This time it was not for another girl, but money to make it possible for the holiness school to run. For in this school his daughter received her education. There was a "yes, and amen" in his heart to the will of God. Then the verse, "I'll go with Him through the garden." This was no trouble, for he had given up all; and as they sang, "I'll go with Him through the judgment," there was a calm peace came over his soul and he was not afraid. "Perfect love casteth out fear." He was as much ready now as any time in his life.

When they came to the last verse, the new pastor stopped and told how God had stood by them when they were turned down by others. He spoke of how some had misunderstood him, and said he was turned out by his own loved ones when sanctified; but through it all, God had given him grace and glory. This pricked the heart of Brother Fuller, to think how he had betrayed the old pastor, and through the influence of him and John, he had had to move. God spoke to Brother Fuller and asked if he would be willing to make wrongs right. But this he said he could not afford to do because he had gone too far. All this time Mary was wondering if they would call on her to sing a special.

As they sang the last verse, "He will give me grace and glory," how little did the new pastor know of what he would face in the future! Had he known it, the old pastor had left with a broken heart and would never get over it; though God's grace keeps, yet the scar will always remain.

Some were on their feet praising God for the way He had kept them saved and sanctified. Brother Berry rose to his feet and said he was praising the Lord for grace through every trial, and though he gave the only girl they had for the mission field, yet God gives glory. Before taking his seat he said, "You can count on me for all I have, for it is on the altar." It seemed that God was so near him, his face was aglow; and as he could not hold himself any longer, he began to sing, "Peace, peace, wonderful peace, coming down from the Father above." Sister Berry with some of the others was shouting, as they had forgotten the last board meeting and the spirit that was shown by some.

When things were quieted, Brother Fuller arose and in a low tone said something which no one could understand. Sister Fuller got up and said she was glad for their new pastor and sat down. John was looking at his wife as if to say, "Shall we testify?" and then got up and said he was glad for old-time religion. But some way there was a change in the service. John was weak, and his voice seemed to tremble. All the time this was going on, John's wife was trying to find something to say. The people must not know her heart. "I will shout anyway," she said and rose to her feet. She said she was glad because "God saves and sanctifies right now." As she tried to raise her voice so it could be heard over the house, Clarence said to Jack Slick, "You ought to have heard the hiss Pa and Ma had tonight outside."

"Fuss? What do you mean? Do they fuss?"

"Sure they do."



"She said she was saved and Sanctified."

"Yes, she said that, but that's all."

There seemed to be a feeling pass over the people as if the Lord had been grieved. The new pastor did not understand what was wrong, yet he could tell something had gone amiss. He made the announcements for the following week, and took for his text Luke 13:3. "I tell you, Nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

The new pastor spoke of the need of repenting, and said all who did not repent would be lost forever. He said repentance consisted first of a knowledge of sin, and went on to say some did not seem to think sin was a bad thing. Then he said to repent we must have a conviction for our sins, and this conviction would bring a sorrow for the sins we had committed. He said we would be so sorry and troubled we would feel as though we were the meanest man or woman on earth. Brother Berry said "Amen" as he had not forgotten the time when he felt like he would die when trying to get to God. John and his wife were trying to brace up, for this was almost more than they could stand. Brother Fuller sat still, yet his Conscience seemed to speak to him and say, "Don't you think you ought to repent?" Just at this time Sister Fuller said "Amen," but it seemed to throw a coldness over the service. The new pastor was so lost in his message and God was so taking the truth to those for whom it was meant, that he did not notice these things very much. Clarence, with his head down behind the seat, was chattering away as though church were not going on; Mary whispered to Worthy and said, "He is preaching right at Ma and Pa." Then the pastor said, "If we repent, truly we will have to confess." The expression on the faces of John and his wife could be seen by all that were there, for there was such a change.

The pastor went on to say this confession did not stop with God; but if we had wronged anyone, we would have to make it right with that person. When John raised his head, he looked toward Brother Fuller as if to say, "Someone has been telling him about the trouble here before he came." The new pastor said in one place where he held a pastorate he had some that would meet him with a smile and say, "How are you today? I'm so glad to see you. Come right in -- have that chair," and would make over him. But he said that one caused him so much grief until he had to leave before the year was out. He said in the town where he had just moved from, there were some who would testify to being saved and sanctified, and would not speak to their neighbors. He said that the last meeting he was in, there were two women that had had a falling out about their children, and had talked very harshly to each other, but went right on saying they were saved and sanctified. They worked in the same altar and prayed and shouted, but oh, such feelings as they had toward each other. He said, "If I wrong anyone, I owe that one a confession and will never feel just right till it is made."

Something said to John and his wife, "Will you confess?"

"It's too hard; I can't afford to," was the answer.

In conclusion the man of God said, "There are people in this town -- man and wife that will never have any victory until they confess to each other and then to God."

"My God, who told him?" was the groan that came from John. Then the preacher told of a man and his wife that would fuss in the presence of their children, tin the children had lost confidence in them. Clarence laughed out, and said, "Someone told the preacher about Ma and Pa."

John grew nervous and said he was sick, and excused himself for the time being. This was an awful time for John's wife, but she did not move.

At the close of the message, the pastor made an altar call, and several came to the altar, fell on their knees and began to cry to God for mercy. The pastor called for those who would, to come around the altar and pray. John's wife sat in her seat with a bowed head. Brother Fuller and wife came out, but did not come very close. Some got on one knee while there were others that did not kneel. Some looked through their fingers as Brother Berry, his wife, and others were crying out mightily to God to give them the desire of their hearts and save the ones at the altar. Soon there was a shout of victory heard from one at the altar; and like a flash God seemed to sweep down with His mighty power, and such glory seemed to fill the house until wave after wave of God's divine glory swept over the house like waves of a mighty sea. Just then someone started the song, "'Tis the Old-time Religion." The new pastor asked for all who were glad for the new converts to come and give them their hands. While some were shaking hands, Brother Fuller and wife slipped out of the house. John stepped inside and nodded for his wife and they went way. The service ended with a "God bless you, come again."

Soon John and family were home; the car was put in the garage. John went to his room without saying anything about the service, and went to bed and covered his head. He wished to die, for he felt so miserable. He could hear the voice of God calling him and saying, "Why don't you fix this while you can?" But oh, he thought to do this he would be ruined. He wished to be alone. Just at this time Jimmy said he thought Christians had prayer before they went to bed. This only caused John and his wife to think, but they all retired without saying anything about the service.

By this time Brother Fuller and family had reached home. Worthy said, "Well, how did you like the sermon tonight?"

"It was all right," replied Sister Fuller; "but I believe someone has been talking to the new pastor about the trouble with the old pastor."

"Well, Mother, I don't think the old pastor was treated right after all; for he was a good man, and always did take an interest in us. When I was sick, he and his wife sat up with me when no one else came. I felt so sorry for him when he left; he was so brokenhearted that he could not preach his farewell sermon."

Brother Fuller and his wife were sitting by, saying nothing. Worthy went on, "Mama, the scene of the last service of our old pastor has troubled me ever since. While the evangelist, Brother Orr, our neighbor, preached that night, our old pastor could not hold his head up, but sat and cried while Brother Orr preached."

Oh, how God used these words to stir the hearts of Brother Fuller and his wife, for they could not forget it was partly their influence that caused the heart of the old pastor to bleed. By this time Brother Fuller was weeping. "Let us pray," he said.

For some time they sobbed, but no one could pray; for the last part of the message that night had pierced the hearts of both of them. God said to them, "Will you write the old pastor and ask him to forgive you?" Oh! They thought the load was so heavy; they felt as if they were carrying the weight of the whole world on them: "Amen" said someone, and soon they were off to bed.

The new pastor and his wife were invited to go with Brother Berry and his wife for the night; so they did. Before retiring, prayer was offered and the room seemed to be filled with the presence of the Lord. "Amen" was heard and all retired for the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- CHAPTER

"John, are you asleep?"

"No, what do you want?"

"I was just wondering if you were asleep yet. I don't feel well. I have something wrong with my heart, I think. I thought maybe you would ask the new pastor and his wife home with us tonight. I think I will just let them have it. Every time we go it is money, or to be skinned. I have put up with it about as long as I intend to."

"I suppose they can get along without us. I thought this morning we would have a pastor with some sense. When Berry testifies, they raise a yell; and when we testify they seem to think we haven't any religion."

"I know, John, but maybe the new pastor will show us some respect. If he doesn't, we will just quit. Clarence, stop that fuss," said his mother.

Clarence, in a low tone, said, "What's the use claiming to be something when you are not?"

Though this came from their own child, yet for some time neither John nor his wife spoke. All this time Clarence had been listening to what was being said about the new pastor. John turned over with his face to the wall, but could not go to sleep. Just over the window in the tree was heard the scream of a screech owl. why all of this? Even the owl was saying, "Repent."

"If I had my gun, I would make that thing squall." The dock struck twelve, one, and two, and yet John had no rest. Many things had passed through his mind since the service dosed. He thought of the time when he really had the Lord. But now He was gone, and what course should he take? Even the hard things he had said to his wife on the way to church were bothering him,

but he finally satisfied himself by saying she was to blame. Soon John dropped off to sleep, but his mind was all in a whirl. Every now and then John's wife would be awakened by the groans of her husband. In the night John dreamed that he died and went to hell. He thought that the devil came into his room and chained his soul, though he was trying to loose himself. He was carried downward; coming to a large gate, the devil unlocked the same, and he was thrust into the darkness. But all the while he could hear the screams and groans of those who were there.

"My God! what have I done to be here!" Just then he saw the scars of a brokenhearted pastor. Something seemed to say, "This helped to put you here." Oh, the hissing serpent!

"My God, is there no chance for me now?" He could hear the awful roaring; just then he seemed to fall. Down, down, down. He was met next by the fiery-eyed demons of night.

"How long will I have to stay here?"

"There is no end," came the voice from the lower regions.

"Oh, my God!"

"John, John," said his wife, "what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Where am I?"

"You are in bed. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I was just dreaming."

Such horror John had never experienced in his life. John was afraid to go to sleep any more. He began to think. What if my dream were true? Just before day he dozed off again. John's wife did not sleep any more, and was soon up doing around, getting the morning meal.

"Breakfast is ready, Mary. Call Clarence and Jimmie, but do not wake your father. He is not well. Let him rest."

Breakfast was over and the house cleaned up. John's wife heard some noise in the other room, and went in to see if John was awake.

"Do you want me to fix you something to eat?"

"No, I do not feel well."

"Maybe if you would eat an egg and some toast you would feel better."

"No, I don't care for anything."

"Do you want me to call the doctor?"

"No, I will be all right after a while."

Brother Berry and the new pastor were out walking and stopped by to see Brother and Sister Fuller. Brother Fuller was getting ready to go and see if there was anything he could do for John.

"I am going to see John. He is sick. Do you want to go?"

"Sure, we will go with you."

They arrived, got out, and went in. They were greeted by John's wife.

"Come in; John will be glad to see you."

"I am so sorry to see you sick," exclaimed the pastor. "I think I will be all right soon," said John.

They talked for a while and then asked if they could have prayer before leaving. They were given this permission, and Brother Berry prayed. He asked God to help them all to be better men and women, and then called on the pastor to pray. He did, and in his prayer he asked God to help him to be a real shepherd to the flock. He prayed for John and his family. "Amen" was said; and before leaving the pastor said, "If you need us at any time, do not fail to call, as we will be glad to come."

The day passed, and late in the afternoon John got up. No one knew what was wrong with John but himself and God. John soon wore off the conviction God had given him. The week went on.

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#### 04 -- CHAPTER

The new pastor was preparing to move into the parsonage. Prayer meeting night came and neither John's nor Brother Fuller's families were there. The scripture was read in Mark 8:34, "And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

The reader told how Jesus had to carry His cross, and said He was our example: "We may never have very much if we serve Jesus," said the reader, "for our Lord said to His disciples while here, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.'"

Prayer was offered, and then a number testified of how they loved the Lord and how God had been blessing them. The service ended with victory, and all had new courage to do more for God than they had ever done before.

"Hello, please give me 248." The number was rung and answer had.

"Is this Sister Fuller?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just called to see if you were at prayer meeting last night."

"No, we did not go."

"Neither did we. John said he would let them run it by themselves for a while and see how they came out. John said it was a shame for a church to be run by a few like that church is being run. If things don't change, we are going to pull out and just let them have it; and if we come out, there are several more that will leave with us. We are just going to wait and see how the new pastor treats us. John did not like very much the way he preached Sunday night. Well, I must go, so good-bye."

On the following Sunday, the church was filled, for much had been said about the new pastor: Some came to get blessed; others came to see how the new man would act. The pastor was somewhat surprised as he looked over the congregation, and did not see any of John Wright's family; nor were there any of the Fullers in the congregation. What could be wrong? Were there some of them sick? Or would they come in later?

This troubled him some, as John's wife was so friendly the Sunday before. The new pastor did not know what had been going on over the telephone. The number of the song was called, "Open the Pearly Gates." There was soon heard a shout of victory, and prayer was offered. They sang, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross."

The pastor read for a text, part of St. John 17: 21, "That they all may be one." He said God's plan was for the Church to be One. There was a very free spirit felt among all. After the service was over, it was the talk of everyone. "Wasn't that great? My, but he is a preacher! I sure do love him." And like remarks were heard as the people passed out.

There was much praying in the afternoon for the night service. The church seemed to have the burden for a revival. Long before time to start the singing, there was not a seat to be found. Soon the service started with a swing. Such singing is seldom heard by a crowd as was done in this service. There seemed to be the very presence of God. After prayer had been offered by the pastor, the people began to testify and shout. The pastor could not preach, for there seemed to be a burden upon all; so he made a call for all who wanted anything from God to come to the altar. Soon there were five in the altar praying for God to help them. This was a service that they would not soon forget, for some that they had been praying for for months were blessed of the Lord. After a few words from those that had prayed through, the pastor called for a board meeting on the following Monday night to see what the church thought about calling an evangelist for a meeting, as this seemed to be the time. Church was dismissed and all went home.

This was a sleepless night for the pastor, for in neither the morning nor night service were there any of the Wrights or Fullers present. Could they be sick? Or did they get their feelings hurt last Sunday night? What is the trouble anyway? seemed to run through the pastor's mind most of the night.

Morning came, but the pastor did not want to eat, for he had a burden for those he had missed. "I will go see what's wrong."

Soon he was at the door of John Wright's house. Just before ringing the doorbell he heard them talking. So he listened for a moment. He heard someone say, "We will go tonight. They think they can put it over on us, but we will show them. They did not think we would find out about the board meeting."

Then he heard Mrs. Wright say, "I suppose that's some of Berry's work."

"Ring, ring," went the doorbell.

"Open the door, Mary. It's the new pastor."

"Come in, we are glad to see you. Have this chair."

"I haven't time," said he; "just came by to see why you were not all out yesterday."

"Well, John was not a bit well, and I thought it best to stay with him," came from Mrs. Wright.

Mary groaned as she remembered her father was out most of the day; and, too, she had not forgotten what had been said around the table about the board meeting.

"Suppose you will be out for the board meeting tonight, won't you?"

"Oh, are you going to have a board meeting tonight?" asked Mrs. Wright, innocently. "We will get there if John feels like coming."

"Are some of Brother Fuller's folks sick?" asked the pastor.

"Well, Sister Fuller is not well; but maybe she will feel like coming to the meeting tonight."

The pastor went home grieved very much, thinking of what he had heard while waiting at the door. In the afternoon while he was praying, the Lord seemed to direct his mind to Brother Berry's. When he arrived, Brother Berry was praying. The pastor stepped inside and knelt till the prayer was over. He felt somewhat relieved; but yet he could not forget that for a number of years past the church had kept a pastor only one year, and some had gone before their year was up. This he could not understand. Brother Berry seemed to be blessed over the fact that they were soon to have a revival.

"Do you have anyone in mind, Brother Berry, for our evangelist?"

"Well, no. I thought maybe you would know some good man, as you have been over the state."

"We want the man God wants," came from the pastor.

Just as Brother Berry stepped outside for something, the telephone rang. The pastor stepped over to answer it, but found someone talking when he put the receiver to his ear.

"Hello, is this you, Sister Fuller?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Just thought I would call you and tell you that they are going to have a board meeting at the church tonight. I am sure they thought we would not find it out, so they could put something over on us. They are going to call an evangelist for a meeting. It does seem to me that they would have more sense. People are too busy to have a meeting now and, too, it will be money, money, money again. One thing sure; they are not going to pull us for all we have. Sister Fuller, you all stay with us and we will show them something this time. If they would get the one John wants, he might put in some, and attend the meeting; but if they do not, we will just stay away. Now, don't fail to be there tonight. I must go, so good-bye."

Little did they think that the wires had become crossed, and the new pastor was hearing the conversation as they talked. Just at this time Brother Berry came in.

"Did someone want me?"

"No, it was Sister Wright calling a number and the wires were crossed."

The pastor excused himself and went home in prayer, asking God to overrule everything that would not please Him. Though the pastor had all he could carry, he did not tell a soul about what he had heard over the telephone.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 05 -- CHAPTER

Soon it was time for the board meeting, and when the pastor arrived John and family with the Fullers were there. They were all talking in a low tone as the pastor came in.

"How are you folks?" came from the pastor.

"Fine, thank you."



When the crowd had gathered, the meeting opened with prayer. Again the pastor prayed for the Lord to have His way. The meeting was open to discuss the calling of an evangelist. All sat quiet for a time; then John arose and said he didn't think it was right to have a meeting at this time, as the people were too busy. Then he asked Brother Fuller to speak.

Brother Fuller said, "Well, I don't believe we can get the evangelist we want at this time," then sat down.

The new pastor spoke of several good men he knew, and said he was sure they could get one of them. John asked how much it would cost, and said he didn't believe in evangelists that had to be paid so much. No one knew so well as the pastor what some were there for; but all the while he was praying, "Lord, have Thy way."

After some time, the board voted to have the pastor write two of the men who had been discussed and see if one of them could come. It was the wish of a majority of the church to start the meeting next Sunday if possible. Service was dismissed and all went home, John and his crowd being defeated.

After going home, the pastor told his wife what he had heard at the door of Wright's home, and then the conversation over the telephone.

"We must pray," said the pastor's wife. "God can overrule the whole thing and give us a revival."

John asked the Fullers to stop by for a while, so they did. They were seated and the board meeting was mentioned. Clarence was in the other room reading a Western story, while Mary was showing Worthy the new dress her father had just bought for her.

"What did you think about the way things went tonight?" asked John's wife. No one spoke for a while.

"Well, I don't know," said Brother Fuller. "Maybe it's all right."

"It's a shame for a church to be run like that one," said John. "Just think, they want to call a man that we have never heard preach. We do not know whether we want a man like they are going to call or not. That whole church is backslid, and they want to run everything."

"Mary, I don't think the folks ought to talk about the church as they do," said Worthy. "The Bible says, 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'"

"Well, Mama is sore about the way things are going." "I know, but she shouldn't say those hard things." All the while Clarence was hearing what was being said.

"We must go," said Brother Fuller, and soon they were off.

"Clarence, what are you reading? Didn't I tell you not to be reading that book?" said his mother.

"Well, it's not half as bad to read a book like this as it is to always be talking about the folks. I heard all of you talking about the church, and every time I go to church you want me to seek religion. I can't see that I am doing any worse than you are."

His mother grabbed the book out of his hand and slapped him in the face, and said, "You get in bed and do it now. I will teach you how to sass me."

Clarence went to bed thinking if she had what she professed to have she would be quite different.

After all were asleep but Mrs. Wright, this passage of scripture kept ringing in her ears, "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" God made it clear again that if she did not repent and confess she would be lost forever. This was a restless night for her, as she could not help thinking of the past.

When Brother Fuller and family reached home, Worthy said, "I hope they get a good man for the evangelist, for we need a revival so much."

Brother Fuller said nothing, though he thought there were none who needed it more than he. Sister Fuller said very little, for she felt that in her heart she did not have God.

"Mother," said Worthy, "we are not like we used to be. There was a time when we had prayer, and God would bless us so, and then we loved to go to church. Now we never go much and too, Mother, I would be afraid to die like I am, for I feel that I have lost out with God. I tried to pray this morning, but could not. Oh, how I wish I were back like I once was!"

This went to the heart of Brother and Sister Fuller, for there was a longing for the blessing of God as before. Soon all had retired, but the Spirit seemed to say, "Why will ye die?" When the lights had been turned out, the room was so dark! Sister Fuller said to her husband, "I hear something in the room. Get up and see what it is."

What did she hear? It was the voice of conscience moving her to seek God. Just at this time the dog began to howl. It made her so lonesome, she felt as though she was without a friend and lost in the night.

But what could she do? Her husband was in no condition to pray for her and Worthy, too, had lost out with God.

"What can I do?" Something seemed to say, "Call the pastor."

"But I can't do that; what would he think of me?"

This was an awful night for Mrs. Fuller. Once she was awakened by a cat scratching on the screen. "My God, what's that?" Just as she spoke the cat gave a scream. She heard Worthy moaning in the other room and went to her bed.

"Worthy, are you sick?"

"Mama, is that you?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Are you sick, my child?"

"No, I was dreaming. I thought we were at the revival, and I was at the altar praying for myself. It seemed that I was on the edge of a great cliff and to move forward I would be lost forever. Mother, can't you pray for me?"

"No, my child, I need someone to pray for me. I'm lost myself." Soon Sister Fuller went back to her room leaving her child to weep alone.

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## 06 -- CHAPTER

The next morning Mrs. Wright went to Clarence's room but, finding him not there, called her husband. "John, John, get up. Clarence is gone."

Sometime in the night Clarence had gotten up, dressed himself, and gone away.

"Where do you suppose he has gone to?" came from John.

"The Lord only knows. Did he have any money?"

"I don't think so. Go see if that money is still in the dresser drawer."

Going, she found that it was gone. "Then he has a hundred dollars."

All that day was spent in phoning, but no trace could be found of Clarence.

"I will take the train at midnight and see if I can find him," said John.

This was more than Mrs. Wright could stand. She thought of last night, and how she had lived before Clarence. "My God, my child!" she groaned.

The pastor and his wife offered their assistance if they could be of any help, saying, "We had better stay with Sister Wright tonight, for she is nearly wild."

A sleepless night was spent listening every moment for the telephone to ring saying they had found Clarence, but morning came with no word.

"Will you repent and confess?" seemed to come from God.

"I'm as good as the rest," was the answer in her heart; but there was a Voice saying, "You are not right." She thought of the money Clarence had taken, and then she remembered saying they would not pay any in the meeting. Something said to her, "You are paying your part now." She was not so much worried about the money that was gone, but it was her boy.

The day was spent, yet John had not returned. No word came. This suspense seemed more than she could bear at times.

"Mary, what have you?"

"A telegram."

"Bring it to me quickly."

It was a message from John. She opened it and read, "Found Clarence in jail -- will be home soon."

This was little relief, as the telegram was not complete. Now she worried as to whether he would bring Clarence -- how he came to be in jail, and so on.

Brother Fuller and family had been troubled not a little about the affair. Someone said, "What do you suppose made that boy leave home?"

Quickly Worthy spoke up and said, "It is the way he has been treated. He has no confidence in his mother's and father's religion."

"Maybe we had better go over and see if there is anything we can do," said Brother Fuller. When they arrived, Mrs. Wright was walking the floor. They tried to console her by telling her that John would soon be home with Clarence and all would be well.

"I suppose they will say this happened because we would not pay more," said Mrs. Wright. "We will stay up until the midnight train comes and see if they get home."

The clock struck twelve, and they heard the train whistle. For many hours God had been talking to the heart of Mrs. Wright. "Will you get right with God if Clarence comes in safe?" came from God.

"I will," at last said she.

Just then a car drove up. "It's John, and Clarence is with him." This was some relief, but what about the promise she had made to God? Soon John and Clarence were in the house. All wanted to know where he found the boy, but no one dared to speak at this time. Clarence had been crying and John was worn and tired. Soon the Fullers excused themselves and went home.

Clarence was put to bed; then John and his wife retired.

"Where did you find him? How did he come to be in jail? How much of the money did he spend?" and many other like questions Mrs. Wright asked her husband.

John started to tell her all about it. "He was arrested for riding a freight train; he had only Fifty dollars when I found him, and I had to pay twenty-five of that for his flue, and it cost me twenty-five to make the trip."

Just then something said to her, "You have paid your part of the revival." She did not tell John what she had promised God, but all this time something was saying, "Will you do it? Will you do it?"

This was no time for sleep, for both John and his wife wished the sun to rise. Morning came, Clarence ate a bit, and while at the table his mother asked him what made him leave home. For a time he sat with his head bowed, and then said he was tired of being in a all the time. His mother asked no more questions, as this was a thrust at her false religion. John went about his work, but he couldn't forget the hundred dollars. Just then something said, "That hundred is your tithes for this year." When he thought for a moment, he remembered that he had made just one thousand dollars up to this time.

The pastor stopped in to see if there was anything he could do for them, and asked if they would be out for prayer meeting.

"John is worn out, and I am sure he will not feel like coming," was the reply.

"If we can help you any way, just let us know," said the pastor.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 07 -- CHAPTER

When he arrived at home he found a letter from one of the evangelists, saying he would be there Saturday to start the meeting. This gave the pastor great joy, for he could see by this time that a revival was needed very much. Soon the good news spread that the evangelist would be here soon. There was a large crowd out for prayer meeting; for they thought of the revival, and it seemed to strike fire to the hearts of the praying people. The lesson was read, prayer offered, and then someone started the old song, "Am I a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb?" Then they came to the verse: "Must Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free? No, there's a cross for everyone, and there's a cross for me." To have this revival meant that some would have to sacrifice.

After the service was over, the pastor asked what he should do about writing or wiring the evangelist. All voted to wire him, and then were dismissed. All went home praising the Lord

for the good time they had at the service. That night a telegram was sent to the evangelist telling him to come on.

The announcement of the meeting came out in the afternoon paper. Mrs. Wright, while looking over the paper, read, "Revival Starts Sunday." She decided she would call Sister Fuller.

"Hello, have you heard the latest?"

"What is it?"

"Didn't you see the announcement of the meeting in the paper?"

"No," said Sister Fuller. There was something in the tone of her voice that seemed to tell Mrs. Wright she did not care to talk about the meeting at this time.

"I'm busy," said Sister Fuller, "you will have to call" again. Good-bye."

The words of Worthy spoken sometime before this were the means of stirring the heart of her mother; she had already resolved in her heart to get right with God whatever the cost might be. The week soon passed. Sunday found the evangelist on the ground and ready to start the revival.

"John, shall we go to church today?" asked his wife.

"Yes, we will go and see if the evangelist has any more sense than that pastor has." All were ready and soon off for church.

"John, we are not going up in front. We will take a seat near the back."

Clarence stopped outside, and said he would come in later. When John and his wife went in, the house was already filled, and they had to go to the front. The pastor moved some children and gave them a seat with Brother Fuller and wife. They sang the first song, "I want to be a soul winner for Jesus every day," after which the pastor said, "We are all glad the evangelist is here, and are believing God for a revival."

The evangelist was introduced, and said that it seemed God's will for him to be here, as his last meeting had been canceled. He spoke on the subject, "Why We Need a Revival." In his discourse, he said one of the reasons was to get those saved who had never been saved, and, too, "We must lead those that are saved into the experience of holiness. This is not all; there are those who once had a good experience and today are backslidden in heart, and will be lost forever if they do not repent and come back to God." He spoke of the case of Saul after God had chosen him king; how he disobeyed the Lord and took his own life after saying, "I have sinned; I have played the fool."

The message was short and to the point. God had honored it, for conviction came on the people; then the service closed with prayer by the evangelist. In the last words he said, "Lord, if

there be those here today who have lost out with God, have mercy on them." As he raised his head he said, "You are at liberty to go. Come back tonight praying for the service."

John and his wife hurried out, but Brother Fuller and family stayed to meet the evangelist.

After going home Worthy said, "Mother, if the Lord will let me live until tonight, I am going to get saved."

Mrs. Fuller said little, but was thinking of her own soul.

"John, what did you think of that this morning? When the evangelist said some were backslidden, he looked right at me."

John replied, "Suppose they have told him a lot. Maybe he thinks I will go to the altar. I'm as good as the rest of that bunch."

There was much prayer in the afternoon by the church, for God to give them souls in the night service. The night service opened with the song, "When the King Divine Came In."

When John and the family arrived, the house was filled, and again they had to go to the front to find a place. Clarence stopped outside, but Mary went to the choir.

A song was called for, which was, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me Hide myself in Thee."

John was trying to hide, but not in the Rock. The evangelist read for a text Proverbs 16:25, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." He spoke of false doctrines being taught by men, and said we must take the old-time way, or we will never reach heaven. Then he spoke of false professions: "How awful it would be, to live in this world under a false profession and be lost forever! The last thing men have is their hope; and when hope is false, there is no chance."

All this time John was asking himself the question, "Who told him?"

Worthy promised God in her heart she would go to the altar when the evangelist closed. It could be seen on the faces of the people that God had given the evangelist the right message. The evangelist asked all who were saved to raise their hands. John and his wife raised their hands, also Sister Fuller; but Worthy and her father did not. The evangelist then said, "All those who are willing to pay the price and go through with God, come to the altar."

Worthy was the first one to go; she began to pray for mercy. The evangelist urged Brother Fuller to go pray, but he sat with bowed head. By this time quite a number were in the altar and all were praying for themselves. John's wife was talking to some of the seekers but John did not kneel. A shout was heard. Worthy had struck the victory. She arose with a shine on her face and a peaceful calm in her soul. She was not the same; God had heard her cry and saved her

soul. A number of others prayed through and the service closed by singing that old song, "I'm going through, Jesus, I'm going through."

As the people were passing out, Brother Fuller asked the evangelist to pray for him. Worthy went away so happy! It seemed to her that the moon had never shone so brightly, and the stars seemed to glitter as never before. Such glory made her poor soul leap for joy; all the world seemed to sing; she felt so different; she was a new creature. Old things had passed from her vision; she was now in a new world.

John and his wife arrived at home; but before going to bed, they thoroughly discussed the evangelist.

John said, "I am out of heart with that bunch; it seems to me that it gets no better. Everyone that comes preaches right at me: I don't believe in a fellow's going to the altar every time someone says, 'Go.' Worthy had no business going tonight."

Just then Mary spoke up and said, "Papa, you know you and Mama are different from what you used to be; we used to have prayer, and when we did, it was so different from now. I really felt like I wanted to go to the altar tonight with Worthy and find God, for I am not saved."

"You stay out of that altar. We would be ruined if you should go," said her mother.

"But, Mother," said Mary, "we all ought to go; for you talk about everybody, and you know that isn't the way for a Christian to do."

"That's enough of this," said John. "Where is Clarence?"

"He hasn't come in yet."

Just then Clarence came in. "Where were you tonight?" he was asked.

"I didn't go in, for there wasn't any room."

Soon all were in bed, but the battle was on. "What shall we do?" they asked themselves.

"Confess out and ask God to help us, or shall we go on as we are?"

Soon Mary called to her mother. "what do you want?"

"I am afraid. The room is so dark; there must be someone in my room."

John turned on the light, looked under the bed and in the closet. There was no one in her room. It was God talking to her.

"Mother, won't you call the evangelist? I want him to pray for me."



"You are all right; go to sleep."

"But I am so afraid."

To call the evangelist would be to let him find out that neither of them had God.

"You will be all right in the morning. Go to sleep."

Brother Fuller and family were at home and everything was made ready for the night.

"Mama, we must pray," said Worthy.

Brother and Sister Fuller kneeled down and Worthy began to pray, "Lord, I am so glad Thou didst save me. But I come to Thee tonight and ask Thee to save Mother and Father before this meeting closes." By this time Brother Fuller was weeping. God seemed to fill the room with His glory. Soon "Amen" was said and all were off for the night. After retiring, Brother Fuller said to his wife, "If the Lord spares me, I am going to make a change."

This was a sleepless night for the evangelist and pastor, for the words of Brother Fuller touched him; he had asked them to pray for him.

The town seemed to be stirred; the service was the talk of all.

Mary awoke several times in the night, and more than once she was heard crying; she wanted to get saved, but had no one to help her.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 08 -- CHAPTER

The next day was spent in prayer; the pastor had not forgotten what he had heard at the door of the Wrights some few days before. The prayer of the pastor was, "Lord, give us a revival at any cost."

This was the brightest day in all the life of Worthy; the song seemed to ring in her heart, "Oh, How I Love Jesus."

During the day, Brother Fuller wrote a letter to the old pastor, asking him to forgive him for the way he had treated him. In his letter, he said, "It was partly my influence that moved you." He closed the letter by saying, "I am trying to get to God. Will you please pray for me?"

It was soon time for service and the crowd began to gather. As each one came in, he would kneel in silent prayer; there was such a burden that even in the song service some could not sing, they were so burdened.

The evangelist read for a text Matthew 27:4, "Saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." He said, "Judas betrayed Jesus, and caused Him to be put to death." He said it was awful to be betrayed by one who claimed to be your friend. "Suppose every time I meet you I am friendly with you, and then when your back is turned, I try to ruin you. No doubt," said the evangelist, "there are pastors today who have been killed by someone's talking about them." Then he told about a pastor who was moved from a place just because a few worked around and talked about him to his back, but were all smiles when they would meet him. John's face turned red, for this was just what he had done. Brother Fuller did not hear much that was said, for he was waiting for the altar call, that he might ask God to forgive him. The evangelist closed by asking all that wanted anything from God to come to the altar.

Brother Fuller did not wait for anyone to ask him, but found his way to the altar. There were several in the altar for prayer. Mary wanted to go, but she had not forgotten what her father and mother had said.

This was a great service, for some were at the altar who had always given them trouble. Worthy was down by her father, asking God to save him. God spoke to him and said, "Will you confess to the church?" He said he would. Just then the burden rolled away; he arose, his face all aglow, and such peace as he possessed! When all was quiet, the evangelist asked him if there was anything he wanted to say.

He arose and began. "No doubt, some wonder why I went to the altar. I am a member of this church, but did not have God. But He has saved me, praise His name! Now since God has forgiven me, I feel like asking the church to forgive me. I have given you no little trouble, and I have not stood by the church with my money, and every time the church wanted to do anything I was against it: It was partly my influence that moved the other pastor. I did not treat him right. But I have written him asking him to forgive me."

This was a clear confession and all were ready to forgive him, and to some this was a great surprise. John was pale, for this message struck him in the heart.

Brother Berry was so happy, for the prayer he had prayed so many times was answered.

As the crowd was leaving, Worthy said to Mary, "I am praying for you. I want to see you saved."

"I can't get saved; the folks won't let me," was the sad answer Mary gave to her friend.

Sister Fuller was counting the cost. She said, "My, but it is a hard way!" On the way home Brother Fuller asked her what she was going to do about it.

"What can I do?"

"You can do as Worthy and I have done. Ask God to save you."

They were soon home, and before retiring she asked them to pray for her. They spent half the night in prayer, but she did not get through.

"John, don't you think Fuller made a fool of himself tonight? What will the people think of his getting up there before that crowd and saying what he did? Did you see them look at us when he said he helped to move the old pastor?"

"I don't care if they do find out I helped to move him," said John. "I have about decided not to go back any more."

This troubled Mary, for She wanted to get saved. Though she had no confidence in the profession of her father and mother, yet God had revealed hell with all of its awfulness to her.

The next day passed, and the night service came on.

"John, are you going to service tonight?" Mrs. Wright asked.

"No, you, Mary and Jimmy may go, but Clarence and I will stay home tonight. But now listen, don't you let Mary go to that altar."

Brother Fuller and wife were hurrying to get to church for thirty minutes' prayer before service.

"Mother, don't you think this dress is too short?" asked Worthy.

"Yes, I really do think it is."

"Mother, I don't feel like I ought to wear this dress without any sleeves and, too, I've promised the Lord that I would let my hair grow out; and, Mother, I am going to pull this ring off, for the Bible says in First Timothy 2:9, 10, we should not wear them. I want to be like Jesus would have me and, since He has saved me, I have no desire to be like the world."

This was a mighty message to Sister Fuller, for the last dress she had made the neck was low and the sleeves were short.

"Yes, Daughter, you are right. I know the Bible says in Romans 12:2 that we should not be conformed to this world; and of course, all of these things are being conformed to the world. You shall have a dress that will make you look like a Christian."

Worthy pulled her ring off, and was happy. She was walking in the light. She went on to say, "Mother, I feel that I must be sanctified; for the Bible says in Hebrews 13:12 that Jesus suffered without the gate that He might sanctify the people with His own blood. I know I am saved, but yet I am not sanctified, for in Ephesians 5:25 it says, 'Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it.' And in the next verse it says, 'That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.' I want to be sanctified and cleansed, and I have felt that maybe God wanted me to do some special work for Him. But,

Mother, I want to see you saved; for I know if you will get saved, God will bless us, and we can be so happy."

This was more than Mrs. Fuller could stand, and she began to weep. Soon they were off for service. When they arrived the people had already begun to pray. Bother Fuller was so happy over his new found joy; Worthy was happy also, but yet she felt the need of being sanctified.

Mrs. Wright and the children came and, being seated, she began to talk to someone beside her. Soon "Amen" was said, and everyone took his place, and the song service started.

The evangelist looked over the house and soon he missed John. What could be the matter? No one knew better what was wrong than the pastor, although he had not said one word. God was helping the evangelist to send the truth where it belonged. After singing and praying, the evangelist wanted those that had prayed through to testify. Worthy was the first to stand and, with a clear voice, she said God had saved her; and she went on to say that she wanted to be sanctified, for God had led her into the light. The evangelist felt that this was the time to make an altar call.

"While we stand up and sing 'Where He leads Me I Will Follow,' if there is anyone here that wants God, will you come to the altar?"

But before they could start the song, Worthy was in the altar. The next to follow was Sister Fuller.

Mrs. Wright grew pale, but would not move. Mary wanted to go, but her father had said not. Soon Worthy put up her hands and said, "Lord, I will follow Thee." She had such faith in God, soon she was on her feet. God had sanctified her. Then she began to pray for her mother, saying, "God will save you if you will only trust Him." She could not trust, but God was asking her, "Will you confess to those you have wronged?" Suddenly she quit praying, got up, went across the house and asked one of the members to forgive her for talking about her. Then she came back, got down, put up her hands' and said, "Lord, I will make everything right." Her faith was complete, and God saved her. She shouted all over the house. When all was quiet, she said, "I do not suppose anyone has given the church more trouble than I have, but from this night on you can depend on me. I mean to follow the Lord whatever the cost may be."

There was so much change in Worthy's dress that all noticed it. She did not have her ring on; her sleeves were long; the neck of her dress was not as it had been. So the evangelist asked Worthy to tell what God had done for her. She could hardly speak for rejoicing, but finally she said: "You all know how the devil tried to get me. He made me believe it was no harm to go to the show, wear gold, short sleeves, and low neck. But now the Lord has saved and sanctified me, and I shall never do the like again."

The service closed, and before the crowd left the evangelist shook hands with Mrs. Wright, and asked her why her husband did not come. She replied that he was not well, and thought it best to stay in; but there was something in the voice of Mrs. Wright that told the evangelist she was lying.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 09 -- CHAPTER

The church was delighted with the great service God had given them, although the preacher had not preached.

When Mrs. Wright got home, John was reading the daily paper, while Clarence was reading a magazine of the movies.

"Well, what did you hear tonight?" asked John.

"About the same old thing. Sister Fuller made a fool of herself."

"What did she do?"

"Went around asking people to forgive her."

"I do not see what she wanted to do that for; she's as good as any of the rest of them."

Mary, hearing the conversation, said, "Papa, you know the Bible says, 'Love your neighbor as yourself.' You and Mother talk about everybody. The Bible says something about speaking evil of no man."

It was strange, but God used these words to stop their mouths; there was nothing left to say.

This was the happiest night ever spent at the Fuller home. Brother and Sister Fuller saved, Worthy saved and sanctified. And before going to bed Brother Fuller said, "We must have prayer," and called on Worthy to pray. About the first thing she said was, "Lord, I want to see Papa and Mama sanctified, so they will not be bothered with the carnal mind." The prayer was directed by God, for it was the one needed.

After retiring, Brother Fuller said to his wife, "Wife, I mean to let God sanctify me, for I want all He wants me to have."

This was a peaceful night in the Fuller home, while there was everything but peace in the hearts of the Wrights.

There was much prayer for the revival; the pastor was spending much time praying that God would do something with the Wrights, for it was clear to him by this time that something was wrong.

The next evening long before night, there were those that began to meet at the church for prayer. At church time the house was filled and, to the surprise of some, John and his whole

family were there. The power of God came upon the people in the song service, making it easy to sing. Soon the evangelist was in the pulpit and had taken his text: I Thessalonians 5:23, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." He Said this was the prayer offered for our sanctification, and that God was to do the sanctifying; then he said this was what John the Baptist meant in Matthew 3:11 when he said we would be baptized with the Holy Ghost. The evangelist, in his discourse, pictured the life of those that had been sanctified; then he said no doubt some had professed this experience and were now professing it, but that they did not have it. But he said you could always tell the difference. When he said this John's face turned red, and he said something to his wife, but in so low a tone that no one could understand what he had said but his wife. The evangelist went on to say if a man kept the carnal mind, he would die, and quoted Romans 8:6. At the dose of his message a number came to the altar, and among them were Brother and Sister Fuller. As they were gathering in the altar for prayer, John and family walked out and went home. While he was at the altar, about the first thing God said to Brother Fuller was, "Will you give your girl to the missions?" "Yes, Lord, I will give all," was his reply; and soon he was on his feet shouting the victory. Then seeing his wife, he fell on his knees and said to her, "Say yes to all and you can have it." Soon Sister Fuller was on her feet waving her hands in the air, saying, "Glory to God; I have it!"

Brother Fuller, his wife and daughter went home walking on air, praising God for what He had done for them. After they arrived home, prayer was offered and all were off for bed. Sometime in the night Worthy dreamed that she was in India; she had gone there to be a missionary, and she was so happy. But when she awoke and found it only a dream, she was very sad.

After John and his family left the church, he was heard by some of the folks to say that he was through with the church. This grieved Mary, for her heart was longing for God, while these remarks seemed to please Clarence, as he did not want to attend church anyway. After all were home, John said to his wife, "You can do as you please, but I am through with the church; so do not ask me there again." These words were said with such force that all knew he meant what he said.

John Wright and his family had been used by the devil for many years to defeat the plans of the church and pastor when they would have furthered the work of God, but at last God had heard the cry of His people. Many times the old pastor had spent all nights in prayer, asking the Lord to remove the stones. Although his prayer was not answered while he was pastor, God was now answering. Many times after being forced to leave, he had prayed, "Lord, don't let the new pastor suffer as I did." One morning in their family worship he was praying for those that had caused his heart to bleed so many times, and the postman came with a letter. "Well, Wife, here is a letter from Brother Fuller, and it is a confession. Thank God, He has answered my prayer at last."

The pastor, having opened the letter, read, "Dear Brother, I am in trouble; will you please help me? Here is what I want to know: will you please forgive me for the way I did when you were here? Through my influence and others, your heart was made to bleed many times. If you will forgive me I can get to God. The thought that I am partly to blame for your having to leave

makes me sad. There is a revival going on now in our church; and through the preaching of the evangelist, God has shown me that I must make all wrongs right, or be lost forever. The scene of the last service while you were here has ever been before me, although I tried to make myself believe that I was in the right. This letter is from the family; please forgive and answer."

"What do you think of that, Wife?" asked the pastor. "Just what I have been asking God to do."

"You must answer it quickly," answered the wife.

"Yes, and then they will have a real revival," he answered.

The revival swept on like a great prairie fire; some of the worst men in town were saved; many sanctified; wrongs made right; tobacco given up; lodges set aside; old bills paid; husbands confessed to their wives; stolen things returned; children asking parents to forgive them. The revival was like the mighty shaking of Nineveh, when Jonah preached to them. The last Sunday of the meeting was one never to be forgotten. In the morning, after a song, the evangelist asked if there was anyone that wanted to speak. Quickly Brother Fuller rose to his feet and said, "If you don't mind it, I have a letter I would like to read; it is from our old pastor."

Every eye was turned upon him; the people seemed breathless; not a move nor a sound was heard; and then he read: "Dear Brother Fuller: Your letter came this morning and it was a great relief to me, as I have prayed many times for you since we left, and I am glad you feel as you do about this, for it is God's way. Surely I will forgive you, and trust God will. It is true my heart was crushed when I left, but I trusted God and He helped me many times. And many, many times, Brother Fuller, when you and others were opposing the work of God, I knew it; but for all of this I forgive you. Stand by the man you now have." It was signed, "Your old pastor."

By this time nearly everyone in the house was in tears; the evangelist then saw it was time for an altar call. He said, "If there is anyone here that wants God, come and let us pray for you." Just then someone started the song, "Don't Turn Him Away." Soon the altar was lined with seekers; many found God in pardon and purity.

After the altar service Worthy asked if she might speak. Rising with a halo of glory on her face and her eyes fairly dancing, and with her hand raised heavenward, she said: "I am so happy -- first, because Jesus saves and sanctifies; then He has saved and sanctified Papa and Mama, and so many of my friends. And here is what I want to say: The Lord has called me to India, and I have said I'll go." Her eyes filled with tears, but her voice was clear as she told of her call. Soon Brother Fuller and his wife were on their feet, waving their hands and saying, "She shall go, for I said 'Yes' when the Lord sanctified me." As Worthy took her seat she said, "Please help me pray for Mary."

Soon the service was dismissed and all hurried away that they might get dinner and prepare for the night services.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10 -- CHAPTER

Worthy went home but did not want to eat, for she was so burdened for Mary. In the afternoon she went to the home of the Wrights and spent the afternoon with Mary. While they were talking Worthy said, "Mary, I am so grieved about you, I am afraid you will be lost forever. I want you to go to church tonight and get saved."

Mary turned quickly and said, "Worthy, I would give the world if I had what you have, but I cannot get saved."

"Oh, yes, you can, and you must," said Worthy. "But if I should, I could not live it in our house. Papa and Mama quarrel all the time, and Papa said the other night that I should not go to the altar, and he made me promise that I would not before he let me go back. I wanted to be saved the other night; I was so convicted of my ways and sins, but my people have said for me to stay away from the altar. Worthy, to tell you the truth about the matter, I feel that I will never have another chance. I felt the other night like God was leaving me. I called Mother and asked her to pray for me and told her that I was so afraid, and I felt there was something in my room. Mother said for me to go to sleep, that I would be all right; but I slept but very little. The folks talk about the pastor and evangelist nearly every night after we get home from church, and got mad because I asked them not to talk about the folks. Just the other night after coming home they talked about your mother for going to the altar."

This grieved Worthy; but she felt that she must do her best, for it seemed that this soul was making its last fight.

"Will you go tonight, Mary?"

"I will if the folks will let me."

"I will ask them," said Worthy.

Soon she was in the house. Mr. Wright sat reading the Sunday paper.

"Mr. Wright, I came to ask you if Mary could go with me to church tonight."

John did not raise his head, but said, "I don't think she ought to go tonight. She has had a sore throat and tomorrow is school day."

Worthy pleaded with him to let her go, all the while praying. Finally he said she could go if she would not stay out too late.

"Thank you," said Worthy. "Can't you and Sister Wright go along; this is the last service?"

"No, Wife is not well and I'll stay with her."



As they turned to go, John said, "Mary, don't you stay late. You come right home."

"I will," said the child as she walked away.

Prayer had been announced for seven o'clock, so they hurried away. On the way to church Worthy was praying, "Lord, save this poor soul tonight."

Thirty minutes was spent in prayer, then all arose and took their places. Mary went to the choir with Worthy. Soon the service opened by singing "The Pearly White City." When they came to the chorus, "In that bright city, pearly white city, I have a mansion, an harp and a crown. Now I am watching, waiting and longing for the white city that's soon coming down," Mary began to weep. The thought came to her, "I have no home in the white city, and never will have."

Oh, how this child needed a father or mother to help her, for she was fighting not only against the powers of hell but against the wishes of her father.

After song and prayer, the evangelist took for his text Luke 16:23, "And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried." The evangelist spoke with all the earnestness of his soul. Men are able to picture the horror of such a place in only a small way; but this man did it well. He told of those he had heard cry, and how it affected him. Then he related the story of a woman he saw die; how she asked those in the room to drive the devil out; said she could see him with his many imps just waiting to chain her soul. She pulled the cover over her head to hide from the devil, and like a flash threw the cover from her face, saying she was being choked to death by a serpent. All this while, he said, she was being held by four persons. Then in her wild rage, she said, "Is that not a preacher there?" Someone told her it was. Then she said, "Have him leave the room." Someone asked why she wanted him to leave, and she said, "His presence torments me." Then she would scream, and they had to hold her to keep her from pulling her hair. After a while she said, "I can see that all mercy is past and that I am damned." She then said, "Why can't I have water? Is it true that I am in hell where there is no water? I have been burning so long, and yet I am not consumed."

They gave her water, but she refused to drink it when it touched her lips, saying, "Why do you give me liquid fire? I have had nothing but this for days. Oh, the torments of hell; it seems that I have been here for a million years." Just then it seemed as if she was trying to use a key, and someone asked her what she was doing.

"I am trying to unlock this gate, but I have no key," she said. "Oh, if I had water! But I met one soul that said she had been here for ages and had never found any water." And then with a wild look and a scream she said, "I remember every sermon I ever heard. My God, if I could forget it! There is the altar I laughed at, and I can hear the prayers that were prayed for me, but I mocked. Why didn't I have some sense!" she continued.

"Catch me quickly, I am falling. Please take this pillow from my side; there is something in it stinging me." As they removed the pillow, she turned and said, "No wonder, do you see

those snakes in it?" As she quieted down for some moments, her eyes seemed to be riveted on an object on the wall.

Pointing with her finger she said, "I see the eye of God, and oh, how it condemns me, and I can also see the great gulf that the preacher told me about. If I could only cross, I would be all right."

Wrenching one of her hands loose, she began waving as if she were trying to attract the attention of someone afar off, and then she began gnashing her tongue. Soon the blood was seen trickling from the corner of her mouth. One of those that were holding her said, "I can't stand it any longer," turned loose and left the room. Then the dying woman with a wild lunge, tearing herself loose from those around her, fell upon the floor, screaming, "Take him off; he is chaining my soul."

She was placed back upon the bed, and then she began to pray. She was not praying for herself, but for her loved ones, as though she were in hell. "O Abraham, have mercy on my brothers, that they may not come to this place of torments." Then she began to get weaker as she prayed, until after a while her eyes began to set, then a gasp for breath and an "Oh, oh, oh" was heard, and at last the battle was over and she had lost; death had come; her face was drawn; her fists clinched, and a bloody foam was rushing from her mouth.

Everyone was quiet for some little while, and then a lady said, "This room is filled with demon spirits. I can feel them. No night was ever so dark as this room seems to me." She expressed the feelings of all those in the room. It seemed that we could hear the hissing of the old serpent himself.

"I was asked to preach the funeral of this woman," continued the evangelist, "and it seemed to me that there were ten thousand demon spirits in the room while I was trying to speak. I had nothing to say for the dead on this occasion, for all knew how she died and knew quite well that she was lost."

Then the evangelist said, "There are no doubt people here tonight with an opportunity to be saved, while their loved ones are in hell praying this minute to have mercy on my brother's home." Just then a young lady rose to her feet, and with a scream that seemed to arouse all hell said, "My God, my brother went to hell," and then fell upon the floor as if she were dead. A mother fell upon her knees saying, "Oh, my son was shot in a gambling house, and died without God. How can I ever stand it?"

The congregation was spellbound, and just then a young lady rushed to her brother saying, "Come quickly, Brother, before you go to that awful place."

Such a stir had never been witnessed by this church before; and before the evangelist could close, the altar was lined with seekers. Worthy rushed to Mary, saying, "Child, come; it is your last chance." Mary was weeping aloud, but they could not move her. She would say, "I can't, Papa said not."

"Oh, come, come; you must," said Worthy; and then Mary started to the altar, but fell before reaching it. Many gathered around her, as they felt it was her last call. Now and then they would hear her say, "I can't, Papa said not. I can't, Papa said not."

In this service many were saved, but poor Mary was fighting the battle of her life; everyone seemed to feel this was her last chance. Worthy with such a burden for this child was prostrate on the floor, while many others were in deep soul agony for Mary. Nearly all those around the altar had prayed through but Mary, and the people began to leave. After a while Mary was heard saying, "I want to see Papa."

A runner was sent after John, and soon he was seen entering the door. Sister Berry met him and said, "Mr. Wright, Mary is in an awful condition, and we feel like God is making His last call for her, and she wants to, see you."

With that look of anger on his face, John went to where Mary's almost lifeless form was prostrate on the floor. Coming near he said, "This is all foolishness. No use of this. Get up, Mary, and come with me." But again Mary was heard saying, "I can't, Papa said not."

John then took hold of her in an effort to lift her from the floor. But with the cry from many, "Mr. Wright, don't, please don't. Mary is making the last fight for her soul, and you cannot afford to throw yourself in her way, for God will hold you responsible for her if she is lost," he turned her loose. Then someone said, "Mr. Wright, I have felt all day that God wanted to save you." This enraged John and he said, "I belong to this church."

"I know you do, but I am afraid you are not saved. Come on, Mr. Wright, get down here on your knees and let us pray for you." John's eyes filled with tears, and he moved as if he were going to kneel. Just then a stern look passed over his face, and he said, "I feel all right." His face grew harder and his neck more stiff, and he said, "I am going to take Mary home." John stepped to the back of the house and whispered something to Jack Slick. Then Jack arose and they came back to the front.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Wright?" said Sister Fuller.

"I am going to take Mary home."

Then the pastor said, "Brother Wright, it is dangerous for you to take this soul from the altar, for the burden of all is that she is getting her last call, and you cannot afford to throw yourself in her way, for she is your child."

"We can pray for her at the house," he answered.

"Brother Wright," said the new pastor, "if Mary is to be moved you will have to move her, for I would be afraid to interfere with the work of God."

John, turning, picked up a quilt, placed Mary on it, and said to Jack Slick, "Will you help me?"

They picked her up and started for the house. As they walked away Mary looked as if she were dead. The pastor, calling to John, said, "Do you care if we go pray for her?" "You may," said John.

Jack Slick was a member of one of the most popular churches in the town, and he had longed for an opportunity to meet Mary and, at last, if she should live, it had come. Many plans were made by Jack as they were on the way to the house. "This will help me to get into the home of Mr. Wright."

The evangelist, with a few others, remained at the church with Worthy. After a while Worthy asked, "Where is Mary?" and being told that her father and Jack Slick had carried her away, she said, "My God, why was this done? Will you please take me to her?"

They asked if she could walk, and the reply was she was afraid she was too weak. The evangelist, Brother Fuller, and Worthy drove to the house. When they arrived they found Mary in bed, her face pale, her muscles drawn; her eyes had a glassy glare; her fingernails had a purple cast, while at times she would gasp for breath. The room was so much like the room of the dead, everything was deathly still.

Worthy, in her weakened condition from the burden she had been under for the last few hours, slipped down by the bedside and began to sob, "My God, please have mercy, not only on this child, but on those that have damned her."

Mrs. Wright was almost frantic; she was busy preparing a hot water bottle, but not once did she think of praying for the child.

The evangelist said, "I believe if you and your wife will get down by the bed and tell Mary you want to see her saved, she will get through and be all right."

The mother, though heart-sore and miserable, was too proud to kneel. John turned and said to Jack, "Will you go for the doctor?"

Jack quickly left the room and hurried away, not one time thinking of the telephone. Only a few moments had passed and the doctor was there. When he came in, he asked all to leave the room but John and his wife; he pulled a chair over near the bed, laying his cigar on the stand table. He smelled more like a tobacco factory than anything else. Then, taking hold of her hand, he turned to Mr. Wright and said, "Her pulse is very weak; she must have relief soon or she cannot live."

"My God," thought John, "it is worse than I thought for; and if my child dies, she will be lost." Just then he heard the voice of God say, "Yes, and you are to blame for it."

The doctor asked John where she had been and what she had eaten, and so on. John told about her going to church, and then being at the altar, and the condition he found her in; and the doctor asked what the preacher had preached about.

John's reply was, "I cannot say, as I was not there." Jack Slick was called and asked about the happenings of the night. He told the doctor that the evangelist preached on hell, and got the folks all worked up and scared, and dragged Mary to the altar, and they all got around her squalling like a lot of crazy folks.

"Sure, I thought something," said the doctor. "That's what's wrong with her; her heart is not strong enough to stand such excitement. It looks to me like a case of either excitement or hypnotism, I can't tell which just now. But she is in a very bad condition and must have relief soon."

The doctor said, "Get me a glass of water"; and while they were getting the water, he puffed away on the cigar he had left on the table. The doctor took the water, drew out his hypodermic needle, fixed something, injected it into her arm, and said, "I think she will be all right soon. But if this were my child and she died, I would have that whole bunch arrested for her death."

Though John had once been saved himself, he was inclined to believe what the doctor said about the case. The doctor left some powders to be given through the night, with the instructions that she be left in quiet. "Don't allow anyone to disturb her," he said, and then left the house, saying, "It would be a God's blessing if the world were rid of such men as this evangelist and pastor."

Mrs. Wright told the crowd waiting in the other room what the doctor said, and soon they were preparing to leave. The pastor asked if they needed them to sit up, and Mrs. Wright replied, "You and your wife may stay if you will."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 11 -- CHAPTER

It was more than Worthy could stand to leave, as her very soul was astir to think this soul might die without God. She turned and asked Mrs. Wright if it would be all right for her to stay.

"Yes, if you will be quiet," was the answer.

Jack Slick and Mr. Wright were in the kitchen talking in low tones. After everything was still, soon Mr. Wright and Jack came in the room and took a chair over to one side. All was quiet for a time; the light was shaded until the room had a crimson appearance. This was more like sitting up with the dead than the living. The pastor's heart burned within him. "Oh, that God could only have His way in this home!" And it all came afresh to him what he had heard at the door and over the phone.

Mary was breathing so hard she could be heard all over the room. Mrs. Wright tiptoed across the room and stood for a moment, looking into the pale face of her child. Suddenly Mary

threw herself to one side and said, "I can't, Papa said not." Mrs. Wright asked if she wanted anything, but the child did not answer.

Soon Mary began to groan and ask if she could have water, saying, "I am burning up." She was given some water in a spoon, but blew it out of her mouth saying, "I can't, Papa said not." She was then given a dose of the powders the doctor had left for her. The seconds seemed to be hours, the minutes days, and the hours years. The night was never darker, no moon, not a star could be seen, as it was smooth cloudy, with a heavy mist falling. At times it seemed more than Worthy could stand, and she was seen a number of times to be weeping. Once she had to leave the room, the pain was so great.

At four o'clock in the morning, while everything was deathly still in the room, they heard a noise as if someone were strangling; the pastor's wife, rushing to the bed, found Mary in death agony.

"Come quickly, Mary is dying." Worthy rushed to the bed, and they raised Mary up as she was gasping for breath. Jack Slick took her hand and said, "She hasn't any pulse." Another gasp and struggle, and she was quiet.

"My God, she is dead!" cried Mrs. Wright. Going into another room she said, "Can it be that my child is lost and I am to blame? O Lord, have mercy on me."

The pastor said to his wife, "Lay her down." She did so, folding her hands across her breast, and was closing her eyes, when suddenly there was a gasp and the sign of life again was seen. They began to rub her arms and face, and again they saw the signs of life. John had left the room, and as he left God said to him, "Why will you get in the way of your own child and send her to hell?"

"My God, if I had one more chance I would do differently and save my child." He thought of how he had taken her from the altar; the future was so dark. "My child is gone and lost forever."

Mrs. Wright went to the other room and awakened Clarence, saying, "Get up, Son; sister is dead." The boy was soon dressed and in the room. They were still working with Mary, but very little sign of life was seen. Clarence came in and fell on his knees beside the bed, crying out, "My God, I have been so unkind to Sister and she is dead; if I could only ask her to forgive me, and hear her say, 'I will,' it would not be so bad."

Mr. Wright came into the room and, looking into the pale face of his child, said, "My child, please forgive me," but no answer came.

"She is gone," said he. Then passing his hand over the pale, white face of Mary, said, "If I had lived right and been able to pray for you, how different it would be! Speak to me, my child, just one more time, and tell me you forgive me. I can never forgive myself."

Clarence had left the room weeping and had thrown himself upon the sofa, saying, "How can we stand it?"

"Get me some hot water quickly," said the pastor's wife; "I believe I see signs of life yet."

While the pastor was gone to get the water Mrs. Wright came to the bed again, wringing her hands, and said, "O my child, just the other night she wanted me to pray for her, then she wanted the preacher, and I told her to go to sleep, that she would be all right soon. Why did I not know the end was so near? It is awful; I put her off and now she is gone!"

"Bring the water," said the pastor's wife. They began to bathe her face and hands with water as hot as their hands could bear it.

God had been asking Jack Slick why he helped take this girl out of the altar. "Was it that you had some lustful thought of the future, or was it a love you had for her?" The expression on Jack's face was of such a nature the pastor noticed it. Then Jack thought it was not the love he had for her, for he loved another girl and expected to make her his wife. Then God said, "You have helped to send this soul to hell." For some time every sin he had ever committed was making itself known to him. He thought of a girl whom he had ruined; she left home and had never been heard of. Then God said to him, "That was your purpose in the life of this girl." For some time it seemed that his heart would jump out of his breast; just then he said, "My God, she is not dead; I saw her breathe."

Worthy had been doing all in her power to help the best girl friend she had on earth; and when she saw the signs of life, she could hardly refrain from screaming. "Go quickly for Mary's mother," said someone, and soon Mrs. Wright was at the bedside of her child.

"Sister Wright, Mary is not dead," said the pastor. "Thank God, as long as there is life, there is hope," said Mrs. Wright. Soon Mary was breathing naturally again, but had not spoken. John was sent for, and Clarence came back to the room; and after a while all was quiet while Mary was resting quietly.

Many things passed through the minds of all in the room before the light began to break over the eastern horizon. The light came at last; it was a relief as it was almost clear by this time. There was no breakfast gotten, for no one wanted to eat.

Jack excused himself by saying he would be back sometime in the day to see how Mary was getting on. "If you need me, Mr. Wright, just call on me, and I will be right over." Mr. Wright thanked Jack for his kindness shown them in their grief and trouble. The pastor said he would go home and take care of things, leaving his wife to take care of Mary.

The evangelist had left during the night, as his next meeting was to begin the following night. He was sad because of the scene of the last service, but yet glad for the great revival God had given them.

Soon the pastor was back, and asked how Mary was. His wife told him she was some better, but yet very bad. Just then he heard the newsboy pass by, crying, „Extra, extra, read all about the girl being hypnotized by the preacher." The pastor rushed out, bought a paper, and came back to read the news. The great headlines on the front page said: "GIRL HYPNOTIZED, PREACHER EXPECTED TO BE ARRESTED SOON." The paper went on to say the girl was not expected to live, and the preacher left town in the night to keep from being mobbed. The doctor had given this report and it was a dark one. It went on to say the law would be enforced soon, so nothing like this would happen again. The paper said the evangelist ran off with a man's wife in the meeting just before this one. Soon there were many calls coming in from all over town, asking about the happenings at the church last night, inquiring, "How is your girl?" and so on. The editor thought he was killing the church, when really it was the best advertising that it could have had; and yet as far as dollars and cents were concerned, it had cost them nothing.

In the afternoon Jack came back to see how Mary was; and when he came in, Mary turned her eyes toward him, and he said, "Mary, my name is Jack Slick. I helped bring you home last night, went for the doctor and stayed with you until this morning. We thought last night you were about gone, but I am surely glad you are better this morning."

Mary only nodded her head as she was so weak she could hardly speak.

"I shall come back to see how you are later," said Jack and left the house.

The week went on, with either the pastor or his wife there to take care of Mary, or to see if there was anything they could do. John looked as though he was ready to be buried; very little was said about the happenings of the last Sunday night. Many times during the week Jack came to see Mary, and one time brought with him a box of chocolates for her; and after Mary began to get better, Jack would spend quite a bit of his time sitting by the bed talking to her. He was nice and polite, but many times the pastor saw he was there for no good, and told Mr. Wright so. But he had been so nice, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, in their ignorance, refused to believe anything that was told them.

The pastor was in the room one day when Jack came in and said to Mary, "How are you, my pet? You came near passing in your checks the other night."

Somehow Jack worked his way into the heart of Mary, and she put great confidence in him, though he had helped to take her from the altar. She did not think strange of that, as the conviction God had given her was now wearing off, and yet she did not know the danger she was in. Time passed on, and soon Mary was able to be up. Conviction was gone and she was headed for the breakers.

It seemed that after the revival, there would never be another dark day for the church. They took a good class into the church, many of whom were tithers. Money was no object; all bills were paid, and for many weeks the revival continued, and in almost every service someone would get saved. To the pastor this was great, but the next thing was what about the Wright case? After much prayer the pastor decided to bide his time for a while, but he felt sure the time would soon come when something should be done. In making his calls he would visit the Wright



house often, as he felt it his duty to do his best to save them from hell and to the church. After many nights of prayer the Lord spoke to the pastor and said it was time to act. With all of his efforts he had not been able to get the Wrights back to church. Mary was now so hard that, when the pastor would pray in their home, she would not stay for prayer. Finally the pastor, with several members of the church, went to see the Wrights to ask them what they intended doing, as they had taken a stand against the church. When the community committee arrived, John was not there; but while they were talking to Sister Wright, John came in, and when they tried to reason with him, he said, "Just take my name off," and his wife also said, "Yes, and take mine off, too. We have never been treated right since we have been members of that church."

She went on to say, "When you wanted Sunday school teachers you would always get someone else, and every time we go it is to be skinned, or they want money. There are other churches in town we can join, and keep our experience and, too, they are not so strict. Jack Slick belongs to another church and he has religion," said Mrs. Wright; "and if he wants to go to some place and have a good time, there is not always someone to be after him."

The pastor asked if he might pray before leaving, and the answer was, "Yes." While the committee kneeled and prayed, John and his wife sat in their chairs.

As they walked away, the pastor said, "It seems to me John Wright has had enough trouble to show him that God was not pleased with the way things were going." The pastor felt reluctant to remove their names, but felt it was for the good of the church to do so.

It was only a few days until John and his wife joined one of the other churches, although it was cold and formal; but this would suit John the more, for he would not be bothered with conviction. They had a fine church, but nothing would be said that would move a man toward God. They indulged in pie suppers and all kinds of socials, with card parties and the like. The pastor of this church was a movie-goer, and of course no more could be expected of his people. He would often speak of the great pictures he saw at the theater, but he never would say anything about the saving grace of the Lord Jesus.

There was nothing that pleased Jack Slick more than the move John and his wife had made. Many months he had planned to find some way into the Wright home. Now it was easy for him, since they had joined the church to which he belonged. He was calling now regularly to see Mary.

Some weeks had passed, and Brother Fuller was making preparation for Worthy to go to the holiness school to finish her education, so she might enter as soon as possible upon her life's work, which was to be a missionary. Soon everything was made ready and she was off, so happy to think it would not be long until God would open up the way for her to be with the people she loved.

It was not long until the case of the Wrights was brought up in the church; someone moved that their request be granted and that their names be dropped. This required only a short time but this was not all. Henry Story arose and said, "If you are going to drop their names, you can just drop me, my wife, and Kate." The church tried to reason with them, but nothing would

do but have them dropped. Finally the pastor arose and said, if it was the desire that they have their names dropped, "we can do nothing but grant your request; but," he said, "I feel you are making a mistake."

Quickly Henry was on his feet and said, "I am through, so drop our names." This grieved the church, but they complied with their wishes. The church did not know that, while the revival was on, the evangelist was in the home of Henry Story; and Sister Story came in where the evangelist was and said to him she had something she wanted to tell him. Then she began by saying she had been about to die for three days. "Husband and I have been in the way of this church ever since we came here." She went on to say, "We have blocked every move the church has tried to put on, and what shall I do?" The evangelist asked her if the pastor knew this, and was advised he did not. He then advised her to go tell the pastor what she had told him and come straight with it. She would not do that, as it would never do to let her husband know about it. The evangelist went for the pastor, but when he arrived she had backed down and would not tell him, and it left her still under the cloud.

God in His own way was working; and while He willed the death of none, yet He did not will to have the whole church ruined for a few that would not obey Him.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 12 -- CHAPTER

Time went on and the Wrights were going fast toward the breakers. Clarence no longer went to church, but spent his time on the streets and in the movies. Many nights he would not come in till after midnight. He decided he needed some money, so secured a pistol and went down only a few blocks from where he lived and, as a man was coming in from his work, Clarence stepped to one side in the dark and said to the man, "Put up your hands, or I will kill you." The man quickly complied with the order to put up his hands. Clarence, with something over his face, holding the gun on the man, took from him seven dollars and his watch, and quickly disappeared in the dark. While the man was being robbed, he thought he recognized him, and hurrying home called the police, telling him what had happened. Clarence was arrested, the money and watch taken from him, and he was put under bond, but for some reason was never tried, his father paying it off. So he was left to run the streets.

One night John came in late, and his wife smelled tobacco on his clothes. "John, what have you been doing? Smoking?" asked his wife.

"I only smoked a cigar, that's all."

"John Wright, of all things! I never thought you would do the like."

"Well," said John, "I don't think there is any harm in it as long as I don't make it a habit. Jack and I went over to the club and almost everyone there was smoking; even the pastor smoked, and I am no better man than he. But I don't mean to form a habit of it; but when you are

with a crowd like that, what would they think when they passed the cigars if I should refuse? And it did not cost me anything."

"But, John," said his wife, "you know one smoke calls for another."

"Don't worry," said he, "I know what I am doing."

After John had gone, the Lord spoke to his wife and said, "Have you forgotten the promise you made Me, that you would do better?" There was something that seemed to say to her, "If you had lived right, your husband would be a better man; you are the cause of his downfall, and he will go from bad to worse." This was not pleasant, but forget it she could not. She was very much troubled about her husband's smoking, for she knew Clarence would soon follow his father. But what could she do now? It was too late. Mrs. Wright did not know Clarence for some time had been smoking. She had been troubled about the boy's having been arrested for robbing the man; but since John had been able to pay it off, and the boy was now free, she was trying to forget it.

Kate Story and Mary Wright were great friends, so this gave Jack Slick a chance to be in their company. Kate was a beautiful girl, but was quite fast, as many are; yet there was no thought of going the wrong way. Many times Jack would take both Mary and Kate in his car, it being a coupe. Familiarity was one of the great faults of Kate; and since Mary put so much confidence in Jack, it caused Kate to feel safe in his company. Mary did not object to having Kate along, as it was more of a pleasure trip to them than a courtship for either. They were seen at different times with one of the girls driving the car and Jack with his arm on their shoulders; but neither of the girls thought so much of this, as it seemed Jack's only thought was that of showing them a good time. They could not see what fate was theirs.

It was not long till John Wright and his family were playing a prominent part in the church they had joined. The pastor of this worldly church planned a picnic to take place on Sunday, and much time had been given to this affair. But they had the time, as the church did not have prayer meeting at all. If they met at all on prayer meeting night, it was for some kind of social. The day arrived that had been set apart for this time of fun and frolic. John and family were up early, doing around, getting ready for their great trip to Devil's Den, a place some twenty miles away. John had forgotten now the many excuses he had given to the new pastor why he could not get to Sunday school when he was in the other church. But now for an occasion like this he was up early.

Just before they were ready to start, John called Jimmie, his son, and sent him to the store some blocks away after bread for their dinner. John could now buy bread or anything else they wanted on Sunday without any remorse. The boy was told to hurry, as they wanted to start as soon as possible. John asked Mary if she was going with them, and the girl's reply was that Jack Slick was coming to take her.

The boy had been gone for some time, and yet there was no sign of his return. John was growing nervous, as he said they would be late getting started. The child, obedient to his father, had reached the store, got the bread and was on his way back home. In his hurry, he started to

cross the street, not seeing a large car coming, and some way the driver did not see the child. Just then someone screamed to stop, but the big car was so close to the child the man could not stop, although he used all the brakes he had. The car passed over the child. The man stopped, got out of the car, and rushed to the boy. When he reached the place where the boy had been run down, he found the pastor by the side of the mangled form of the boy who had once been a member of his Sunday school.

The pastor had been to visit a sick man at this early hour, and it was he that had screamed to stop, but it was too late. A runner was sent to break the news to the father, and soon John was on the scene. The child was dead, and the bread the little fellow had been sent to buy was upon the ground mashed by the big wheels of the car. Jimmie was picked up, and carried to the house. His almost frantic mother was walking the floor, wringing her hands, saying, "My God, why is this?" Then she heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." The pastor was there to comfort in this hour of trouble and pain. God was trying to save John and his family through the death of their child; for Jimmie, only eight years of age, was the only one in the family ready to meet Him.

This was a sad happening. Even the pastor's heart was made to bleed, yet he knew the blood of Jesus atoned for this little darling. He was where he would know no sin or sorrow, but all would be well with him.

Just before the sad news reached John of the death of Jimmie, Jack had come for Mary and they were gone. The whole day was spent in fun and frolic with the crowd that had gone on, and not one of them knew of the happenings till they arrived at a late hour that night. Mary herself did not reach home till near midnight. She had been wondering all day why the folks did not get there, but just thought they had had car trouble. When she and Jack drove to the house, they alighted still filled with laughter and fun, but were met at the door to be told her brother had been killed that morning. Soon her joy was turned into mourning, she felt so miserable. They had someone in search all day for Clarence, but yet he had not been found, and was not till the next day, just before time for his brother to be buried.

Only a few of this pleasure-mad crowd attended the funeral of the boy; however, the pastor that had planned the Sunday outing and in a way was to blame for the death of this boy, was called on to preach the funeral. In his talk he said, although these things came, not to think it strange; and then he said he knew Brother and Sister Wright had done their best, not only to live right, but to teach the child right, for they were good people. This made matters worse for John and his wife, for they knew they had neither lived right nor taught their child right, for they were in this act teaching him to break the Sabbath. The pastor closed with prayer, saying, "Lord, bless these that are grieved, and help us to be more careful the next time we plan a trip of this kind. Amen."

The death of Jimmie caused John and his wife to think about the way they were living; they discussed whether they should go back and ask God and the people to forgive them. When the battle was over, they had decided they could not afford to pay the price it was too great. So they were to go on for more sorrow.

The pastor of the church to which they had formerly belonged did his best for this grief-stricken family in the time of their troubles; but he could not accomplish his aim, as they had said "No" in their hearts. For some time this seemed to stop Mary from the craze of the world; but it had little to do with Clarence, as he was looking for the bright lights of the world, with its fast jazz step. He was now drifting fast toward the rapids, where he would soon be forgotten by those that were leading him that way.

Time passed, and the busy world with its rush had caused John and family to forget the awful happenings of that sad day when Jimmie was killed. For some time the worldly pastor had been soliciting John to join the lodge, saying it would give him more prestige; but John's wife objected, saying it would take him from home too much. One afternoon John was met by the pastor and told they were going to have lodge that night and that he had presented his name, and it would come up that night, and asked him to be present. John thought for a while. "To do this," he said, "I will be going against the wishes of my wife, for she doesn't want me to join." But finally he said he would be there.

All the afternoon John pondered the matter in his heart, but after a while made the decision, saying there was no harm in it, so he would go. As John started off, his wife asked him where he was going, and his reply was that he had to go to town on some business. When asked what time he would be back, he said, "Just as soon as I can attend to this business."

As John went on his way to the hall, he saw Clarence in the pool hall, playing pool with one of the young men of the church of which he was a member. John passed on saying there was no harm in a friendly game of pool.

John was received into the lodge that night, and before leaving he was given some of the side degrees; there was much laughing by the crowd as John was being led through these degrees. Although in the opening of the lodge the pastor offered prayer, now nearly every man in the house was smoking, till the house looked more like the pit the Bible describes when it says, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

In this crowd there was a preacher that was to be an example, but what a poor one was he! He knew the Bible said, "Do all you do to the glory of God." He also knew it said, "Let us cleanse ourselves." Had this man been a preacher for years and never learned the Bible said for those that bore the vessels of the Lord to be clean? Yes, he knew all of this. In his church he had a woman that washed for what she made, and with her money he bought cigars and burned them, blowing the smoke through his nose.

When John got home his wife said, "John, you have not told me the truth about what you were in town for tonight. I want to know. Did you join the lodge tonight?"

John's face turned red and for some time he did not speak, for he had lied to his wife. Looking up he said, "Yes, I have been to the lodge and joined."

"John," said his wife, "why did you not tell me the truth?"

This made John angry and he said, "If you will attend to your business and let me alone, I will be very much pleased. There is no harm in it, for our pastor belongs, and you know we cannot be any better than he; and I do not intend to let it interfere with my religious worship."

"But, John," said Mrs. Wright, "you smell like you have been smoking again."

"I have," said John, "but this is also none of your business. I make my money; and, if I want to spend it for cigars, whose business is it?"

Mrs. Wright went to her room and sobbed as if her heart were broken.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 13 -- CHAPTER

The old church had been growing by leaps and bounds; the crowds were better than they had ever been, and someone was being saved in almost every service. The church had been praying for Worthy; and every now and then she would write and tell how God had been blessing her, and many times she spoke of the president and the matron of the school. In one letter Worthy said, "Mother, I wish you could see this wonderful student body; they all dress so plainly and look so nice and neat, and almost every one of them has an experience of grace and will pray. Then, Mother," said Worthy, "you should be in chapel service; it is grand. But I must not forget to tell you that the faculty is simply wonderful; every one of them believes the Bible to be the Word of God. This is a real holiness school." She closed by saying, "I long to finish, so I can carry this great gospel to my people in India."

Kate Story had become almost jazz mad and was not content without going either to the theater, or ball, every night; and it made it easy for her, since nearly all of the members of the church Jack Slick belonged to attended these things, including card parties, the swimming pool, or at least some of these things. Kate was turned loose to go where she pleased, and she did, but to the cost of her soul. It was not long until she would drive late with Jack and others. One night on their way home Jack put his arm around Kate, and was in the act of kissing her, when she drew back and pushed him away.

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Oh, there is no harm in my kissing you. I had my arm around you at the ball, and you did not object then; so why do you care now?"

Kate bit her lips, her face crimson, and her eyes sparkled as she gazed into the eyes of the man that had almost charmed her. Jack stopped the car and said, "If you don't let me kiss you, I will put you out and let you walk home."

Then he put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Kate, I love you and have shown you a good time, and then you do me this way." He again put his arm around her, drew her to him and kissed her. He then drove home, put her out and said, "Good-bye, I will be after you tomorrow

night and take you to the show." Then he drove away. Kate slept very little that night, thinking of what she had done. Never before had any man kissed her. God gave her many warnings that night and pictured to her the end. Jack was back the next night for her, and they were off for the movie.

The lives of John Wright and his wife had caused Clarence to become skeptical; he very seldom went to church, but spent his time now playing cards. Clarence learned to play cards in his own home. Many times they would have card parties, and Mary seemed to enjoy it so much, and at times Mrs. Wright would join them in their games. Jack was the first to ask if they could have a card party, and since Jack had been so nice to them they did not like to refuse him. The worldly pastor said he could see no harm in having a nice social game of cards in the home, and went on to say we could keep our children at home if we gave them something to entertain them. The pastor said he would rather his children would play cards at home than go play elsewhere.

The pastor had gone further and said he knew a man once that got so good that he said he did not sin. "You know we can't live that way," said the pastor. "I am always afraid of a man when he gets so good he does not sin." Then he said it was awful that a man would not let his children go to shows and Sunday ball games.

"Well," said he, "they will grow up not knowing anything about the world."

It was true Clarence learned to play cards in his home, but now he went elsewhere to play. They had failed to see that God's Word said what we sow we will reap. They sowed cards; now they were reaping gamblers, and the pastor of this worldly church would have to answer for many souls at the judgment.

The godly pastor with his church of loyal men and women was now making the greatest progress of any time in their history. One day he received a letter from the evangelist who had held the great revival for them many months before, saying he was coming through the town on his way to a revival in the East and would stop and preach for them if they so desired. This was great news, for the pastor and all the people were glad to have him stop. The pastor advertised the meeting well] and, when the time came, the evangelist arrived. The house was filled; and some came to see if the evangelist would be mobbed, as they had not forgotten the report that came out in the paper.

The evangelist seemed to have a zeal such as no other man they had ever seen, or that had ever been in that town. His heart was burning with holy love, his face all] aglow. He had been told of the sad happenings since he had held the meeting. This was sad to him. "Yet," he said, "from here on I shall do more than ever in my life." After the church had been given a chance to tell] what the Lord had been doing for them, the pastor said, "We are all] glad for this service," and the evangelist took the stand.

The voice of this man was clear, and with a burden upon his heart, he read for his text Proverbs 28:13: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." The evangelist at once entered into his subject by saying that sin is an immense river running through scarlet channels from hell, like the water of the great river breaking out of its banks until it had overflowed the garden of Eden.

There at the foot of the tree of knowledge of good and evil is its source, a noisy spring bubbling with the escape of painful gases; ever enlarging this river flows all around the world, onward it sweeps. Upon its banks no flowers grow, no foliage waves. In all the universe there is no river so wide, so deep, or so swift as this. Its floods are black, its waves are towering; on and on it goes, surging and rolling on to the bottomless pit, everlasting lightning penciling every crest with angry fire, and bell's terrific thunder bounding from bank to bank and bursting with awful crash and strewing dread and ruin everywhere.

The evangelist said, "Surely this river might roll on forever unvisited by mortal man. But, oh, at last they crowd to gain its edges, all sexes, all conditions, all classes. The mother decks her daughter's brow, and side by side they leap into the angry waters below. Into its boiling current the young lady runs laughing and passing from the light she had refused. The old man follows, his hoary locks streaming in the wind, forgetting his days are numbered, but troubled like the vessel of the stormy sea, reeling upon the foaming waves. But no light can be seen. At last they are driven and beaten by the mad waters, hurled into the vortex below, and swallowed up forever. Between every human being and this awful river there is a bleeding body, and a bloody cross, with a Voice saying to every soul 'Stop!'"

By this time the people seemed to be breathless, but the preacher did not stop. He said all that sinned would go to hell. "Hell may be this," said he: "A darkened and frightful sphere, isolated from all worlds, cursed of God, rolling beyond the confines of creation; with neither sun nor star to light up its darkness and chase away its infernal vapors. With rivers, yea, oceans of liquid hell fire, over which the lost walk, stumble, and fall. Oh, to be in a place where there can be no hope, no church, no salvation, and no God, where all is disorder, hate, and night." By this time God was so present, the man of God closed; nearly everyone was seen to be weeping. "Come, will you," said he, "and be saved."

Just then Clarence Wright was seen weeping, as he had come to church that night and had stopped in the back of the audience.

Brother Berry rushed to him, saying, "You can be saved tonight. Come on, Clarence."

The boy stood almost breathless, yet would brush the tears from his face. Sister Fuller and others had gathered around the boy, pleading with him to give his heart to God. Finally the boy pulled away and left the house. As this soul closed the door, God's Spirit took His departure.

Clarence walked two blocks from the church on his way home, met a man that he had had trouble with some little while before, and they had an argument. They soon became angry, and the man drew a revolver and fired. Clarence fell to the ground dead. His father was sent for; and, on his way to where the boy was killed, he had to pass the church, where at that time many were in the altar praying for mercy. He was made to think again of the time when he quit the church. Soon the news of the shooting spread and Jack Slick was on the scene, with many others. Clarence was carried home where his mother was almost wild.

"My God, how can I stand it!" she groaned. The death of Jimmie was bad, but she had some hope for him. Jack took Mary in his arms to comfort her.



The pastor of the church John had just joined was asked to preach the funeral of Clarence. In his discourse he spoke of the boy's unfortunate end. "But," said he, "this boy was saved some years ago and, if one is ever saved, nothing he can do will ever cause him to be lost." He said to the bereaved mother, "Look up, take courage, your boy is safe. We all know he did not live right; but since we cannot live without sin," said he, "the boy is all right."

Then he went on, "We will get cold and the spark will be dim, but God will take care of us." Did not this man know the Bible said, "Sin not," and, "He that committeth sin is of the devil"?

The death of Clarence was not soon forgotten, but his mother had now made herself believe he was saved; so this helped her to be reconciled about his death.

Some time before the death of Clarence, Jack and Mary had been engaged to be married; and since Mary was to be married to Jack, she put still more confidence in him. One night after he had brought Mary home from the show, he stayed for a long time, and as he was preparing to leave he asked her to kiss him.

"No, Jack, I cannot afford it. Wait until we are married."

Then Jack turned away as if to say, "I will leave and not return." Looking back over his shoulder he said, "You are going to do it." Then he turned around, and for some time looked into the eyes of Mary, then put his arm around her, drew her to him, and kissed her.

Jack left, saying he would see her again soon. After he left the house, the voice of God said to her, "Mary, where are you going to stop?" To this she had no answer.

Jack was now trying to play fast and loose with both Mary and Kate; but when Mary saw that Jack was paying his respects to Kate, she said, "Jack, since we are to be married at some time in the future, you will have to let Kate alone." Jack said he would, and thereafter Mary and Kate were not with Jack at the same time; but many times Jack and Kate were together, though Kate was told not to let Mary know about this. Many times Kate would meet Jack and they would drive until a late hour at night. Jack could now kiss Kate any time he desired, and she did not object; but this led her to go too far. One night while they were driving some few miles from town, Jack stopped the car, and on this spot is where Kate lost her virtue; but Jack had told her that no one would ever know of this deed. Yet God was seeing it all the while. This was the saddest night in the life of this girl; she went home brokenhearted, but there was no place now to stop.

Some months passed, and one night Kate said, "Jack, what are we to do? I am to become a mother and you are to blame for it."

Jack said, "We will fix that; the doctor that belongs to our church will help us." This was the doctor that was at the bedside of Mary when she came so near dying.

Jack took Kate to the office of the doctor and told him what they wanted, and he said it would cost them twenty-five dollars. This was paid. But in the attempt to hide the crime, the girl found herself in an even worse condition, for she felt she could not live. She stayed in the office all night and Jack and the doctor did their utmost, but nothing could be done. In this office the girl died.

When Mr. and Mrs. Story heard this, it almost killed them, and the girl was buried. Henry Story had a large stone placed at the head of her grave, and these words were put upon the tombstone: "Murdered by human wolves."

The doctor and Jack were tried for this crime, but were turned loose. Henry Story and wife left and were never heard of again.

Mary refused to believe Jack was at fault; for many months before, he had promised her not to go with Kate again, and as far as she knew he had not been with her. Jack and the doctor were both popular, as they were members of the lodge; and it was partly through the influence of the lodge that neither of them suffered for the death of Henry Story's daughter.

It was not long until the tragic death of this girl was forgotten, and Jack was on his way to wreck someone else. Since Kate was gone, Jack now spent all of his time with Mary. They had become so familiar until Jack never left the house without putting his arms about her and kissing her, all the while saying, "There is no harm, we are to be married"; and this poor blinded soul could not see that the serpent of sin was just ready to strike.

Mary soon found herself bound and there was no place to stop. One night Jack and Mary were together and, with his hellish lust and black heart, he now accomplished his long desire to ruin this girl. She yielded to his base desire, and plunged on toward the night that shall never have a star, and the day that shall never have a sun, Once she was happy, but now it was so different. Jack did not care for her any more, but only planned how to get rid of her.

It was not long before this girl that was once so pure, but now with her sin covered heart so black, was planning some way out of her situation. She still made herself believe Jack would marry her. Jack simply could not cast her aside, for he would be afraid his sin would be known. One day while Mary and Jack were together, she said, "Jack, when are you going to marry me?"

Jack put her off again as he had done before, but she said, "We will have to marry soon or the people will find out about our sin." Jack told her as soon as he could arrange his business they would get married. Time went on; for this poor girl to be told by the man that had betrayed her that he did not intend to marry her, was too much. One day after Mary had phoned, Jack came to the house.

"My God," said the girl, "will you throw me aside now after you have ruined my life?"

"I did not ruin your life," said he. "Someone else is to blame, not I; and do you think I am going to marry you for what someone else did?"

This grief-stricken soul threw herself upon the sofa and was sobbing as if her heart was losing its last drop of blood. Just then Jack said, "Get up, I hear your mother coming." Quickly Mary rose from the sofa, and was brushing the tears from her face when her mother came to the room.

"What is this all about?" asked her mother.

"We just had a little fuss," said Jack. "It is all right now."

Mrs. Wright went on about her work, leaving her child in the hands of a devil clothed in human flesh. "I must go, now," said Jack.

"When will you be back?" said Mary as she looked at her betrayer, and pulled at his coat as if she wanted him to stay.

"I don't know when I will come," said he, and walked to his car, got in and drove away.

Mary never had thought the man she had trusted would treat her so, and then leave her on a cold, heartless world that cared little for her. "What can I do? It won't do to tell Mother." She thought of taking her life. "But this won't do," she said; and she brightened her hopes by thinking maybe he would marry her.

Many lonely hours she spent, and many sleepless nights. Many times she would cry herself to sleep. One night she dreamed that she and Jack were married, and she felt relieved, as the world now would not know about her sin. But in the morning, when she awoke to find it was a dream, she wished she could die, but she could not. Then she breathed out, "I can't, Papa said not."

One day she thought if she could leave and let no one know where she had gone, she could start life over again; but she had no money, so she could not do this.

One day in her grief and trouble her mother went to her room and found her on the bed weeping. When asked what was wrong, she told her mother she was in trouble, but could not tell her what was wrong. Mrs. Wright thought she was troubled because she and Jack had broken their engagement, and did not press the girl to tell her.

One day Mary was sitting in the parlor and saw a car pass the house with a man and woman in it. Rushing to the window, she saw it was Jack and another girl of the town.

"My God!" gasped Mary, and with a scream fell upon the floor. Her mother, hearing the noise, rushed to the room and found the girl lying on the floor. Thinking she was overcome with gas, she carried her to the bed and began to work with her. After a while the girl came to, and looking into the face of her mother, said, "Mother, I must tell you something that is in my life, if you will promise me not to tell," and then she began and told her mother all.

Mrs. Wright had been brought down near the grave by the trouble she had already gone through, but now she said, "How can I endure this?"

But she must keep this in her heart; for if her husband found out who it was, he would kill the man. So in the heart of Mary and her mother this was kept, until after a while something must be done, for they could not keep it from the father longer.

Mrs. Wright had heard of a home for girls they called a rescue home. It was not long until they had a letter saying she could come. The next thing was how could they get her there without her people knowing it. But Mrs. Wright had a sister living in a distant city, so she thought the girl could leave as if going to her aunt's. They began to prepare for the trip. John was kept in the dark as to where his poor child was going.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 14 -- CHAPTER

Worthy had finished her education and was now planning to be home for a few days and then be off for her life's work; when she arrived home, the pastor had arranged for a farewell service. The night came; the house would not hold the people. Worthy spoke that night and her message seemed to have teeth. The saints shouted, sinners wept, and a great altar service was had. Poor Mary was not there. Worthy asked if anyone knew where she was, but no one knew, as she did not attend church any more.

In a few days Worthy was preparing to leave for her trip, and picking up the paper read that Mary Wright would leave tomorrow to visit her aunt. She planned on spending some time away. This was the train Worthy was to leave on. All was ready and quite a number went to the station to see her off, and when they arrived Mary Wright and her mother were there.

Worthy spoke to Mary as she passed by and soon they were both on the train. This was a great time for Brother and Sister Fuller, even if they were giving their girl for the mission field; but their hearts were glad to do this for Jesus.

Mrs. Wright's heart seemed as though it was losing its last drop of blood; but she must brace up, for no one must know where her child was going. Worthy and Mary took a seat together; and, as the train pulled out, Worthy waved good-by, while Mary's face seemed to grow pale,

Some time was spent in talking over the past by these two girl friends, when after a while Worthy said, "Mary, how are you getting on with God?"

Mary's face turned crimson, her lips quivered, and she turned her head to look out of the window. After some seconds Mary turned and said, "Do you remember what I told you that night going to church?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I am no nearer God now than I was then."

Worthy asked Mary where she was going, and for some time Mary hesitated, and then said, "To visit my aunt."

"How long do you plan to stay?" asked Worthy.

"I plan to stay several months." Then this subject was dropped and all the afternoon was spent in reviewing some of the past.

Suddenly Mary said, "Worthy, I have lied to you, and I feel that I must tell you the truth, for I am sure I will never see you again after we part. I am ruined, I have lost my virtue, and the world is dark to me. I am soon to become a mother, and God only knows the end."

It seemed Worthy would lose her breath; and then her eyes filled with tears, and she said, "Tell me all about it, Dear."

Mary began by saying, "Worthy, if it had not been for my mother and father I would be happy today and not in the condition I am in."

The girl went on to say, "My dear brother Clarence was lost, and I am sure when the Judge of all judges turns him away from the beautiful gate, Mother and Father will go with him; they are the cause of his being lost."

"Who is the cause of your downfall?" asked Worthy. Mary turned her large brown eyes as they sparkled with hate for her betrayer and said, "Jack Slick, the man that helped carry me from the altar when my soul was making its last fight. I was betrayed by that devil in human flesh, and as soon as he ruined me I was thrown aside. Oh, the hate I hold for that man! I could tear his heart from his breast if I had the chance. But he goes on to blight someone else, while I go to the rescue home, and from there God knows where. Worthy, it seems my heart will burst, and yet there is something that will not let me repent; my soul is burning with hatred. How could I ever forgive a man that has ruined me? And then, Worthy, the hate for my father is almost as bad as for Jack."

Worthy's eyes filled with tears as she said, "Mary, look up. The Lord will help you. You can get saved and start life over again. It is bad for you to be in a rescue home; but the superintendent and his wife are good, sanctified people, and they will help you. Mary, promise me that you will get saved."

Mary turned as though she did not hear what Worthy had said, her face pale as if her heart were not beating. For some time Mary did not speak, and then she said, "I feel so lonesome, it doesn't seem that I have a friend anywhere."

They arrived in the town where the home was located, and Mary began making ready to get off. This was the saddest parting these two girls had ever known; yet Mary had met her fate.

When Mary alighted from the train, Worthy was watching to see if there was anyone to meet her. Just then she saw a tall man speak to the girl, and they turned away and stepped into a waiting automobile and drove away.

Worthy spent the night in prayer, asking God to help that poor soul some way. But all the while she could hear something saying to her, "Too late, too late." Worthy groaned in the spirit and was heard saying, "My God, John Wright is to blame for this"; for she could not forget the time when he took this poor soul from the altar when she was making her last fight.

Mary was driven to the home and assigned to her room. Though this was a beautiful home, it was not home to this sin-blighted life. At supper time Mary was called, but her reply was that she did not want anything to eat. She spent the whole night sleepless and weeping, as if she had been condemned to die. For two days Mary did not eat or leave her room. All this time the girls that were in the home were praying for her, but the heavens seemed to be sealed.

After Mary had been gone for a few days, Jack Slick began to plan some way to move her, as he knew the town would find out about his crime. Jack finally decided to go see Mary. The report came out in the paper that Mr. Slick would be out of town for some time on business. Jack took the train, and soon arrived in the town where Mary was brokenhearted. Going to the home, Jack asked to see the matron and, when she came to the door, he told her that he was Mary's brother and wanted to see her. He was told to come in and Mary was sent for. When told her brother wanted to see her, the girl quickly rushed downstairs to see who it could be. Jimmie and Clarence had been killed. When she stepped into the parlor, she came near losing her breath. "O Jack," she exclaimed, "why do you come here?"

Jack said, "Be quiet. I have something I want to tell you. I have come to ask you to forgive me, and go with me, and we shall marry and be happy."

Mary's heart was changed from sorrow to joy at that moment. There was new hope. "But I am here, Jack, and can't leave. Shall we marry here?" said the hopeful girl.

"No, we will go where we are not known and there start to make life worth while."

"But how can I get away?" asked Mary.

"I will call for you tonight just before the train goes. You meet me and we will be off." These plans were made and Jack was off, bought two tickets, and returned for Mary. She met him and they were on their way to happiness. Mary was now happy, as she felt her child would have a father and a name.

It was not long until Mrs. Wright wrote Mary a letter, and it was returned. She could not understand why the letter was returned. Then she wrote the home about Mary, to be told she had run away. "What shall I do? Tell John? No, that would never do"; so with a breaking heart she kept it a secret.

Soon Jack and Mary had landed in a city far away and Mary began by saying, "When shall we marry?" For some few days Jack put her off; but finally Mary said, "We must get married." Jack saw he could put her off no longer, and went away saying he would be back soon and bring with him a minister. He returned with a man who said he was a minister. This man went through the performance of a ceremony, and went away. Mary was now satisfied and began to plan for life. They had rooms with a good Christian woman. For several days things went well, when one day Jack came in and said, "Mary, I have something to tell you. We are not married. It is all a fake. I cannot afford to marry you." This was a surprise and came to this poor friendless being as a rifle ball crashing through her heart. "My God, Jack, why will you crush my We?" She fell at his feet and begged him to shoot her.

"I am going away, but shall leave you money to take care of you until the baby is born," said Jack.

"If you go, I will go back home and this shall be known," said the girl.

"No one would believe you, for you left the rescue home; so you had better stay here, for if you go I will not give you anything," he replied. He then drew out his purse, counted out some money and offered it to the girl, but she refused to take it. He placed the money on the table, turned and walked away.

"What shall I do now?" said this lonely girl. "I cannot afford to let this be known." So she told the lady where she was staying that her husband had gone away for a few days. But she could not keep her secret, so she finally told the lady the truth about the matter, and received the best care that was possible from this new made friend, for this woman too had been betrayed once in her life.

Jack arrived back home, and an item came out in the paper about his business trip. Jack Slick was soon to be married to a girl of the city, and this took place in the church of which he was a member. All was well with him now, as Kate could not tell the story of her tragic death and Mary was many miles away, and he would never be bothered. All went well for a while.

After Mary's baby was born, it seemed that life was only a burden. Many times she thought of taking her life. Finally her money was gone; no work and no friends, as the lady whom she had been staying with had died. She thought of trying once more, and one day went to church. This was a worldly church, and she was not noticed; so she went home despondent, all hope gone.

Many months had passed, and not a word from Mary since she left home. Mrs. Wright was almost insane. "Where is my child?" was the question she asked. And to think her influence had helped to put Mary where she was; it was more than she could bear.

The fight of Mary's soul became so desperate that she could no longer control herself. She was driven to desperation and went to the drug store and bought some poison. She returned to the room and looked into the face of her child and groaned, "My God, I cannot see my child go through this cold world. I shall end it all." She then thought of home, but could not return.

Drawing a chair near the table she began to write. She first wrote a letter to the chief of police, telling him of her plight and saying, "Will you please see that my baby is buried as I have her dressed? I am going to commit suicide, after taking the life of my baby. Bury us together." She closed by saying, "When you get this, I will be in hell." She then wrote a letter to her mother and father, but did not even address them as "Dear."

"Father, you will remember the night my soul was making its fight and you with Jack Slick, a devil clothed in human flesh, took me from the altar, and refused to let me get saved. You are the cause of my being as I am. You joined the worldly church and lived so it destroyed my faith in God. I will meet you later, but in hell; for you with that bunch of worldly members will be there. The man that helped take me from the altar, Jack Slick, made love to me, stole my virtue, robbed my soul, wrecked my life, and then threw me away. When I left home to visit Mother's sister, as you thought, I was on the way to the rescue home, and all this Mother kept from you. When I had found friends that would have helped me, it was to be deceived again and carried farther into the blackness of the night, where I could not find my way out. When you thought Jack was off on business, he came to bring me to this city on the promise of marrying me. But after we came here, he left me to die without a friend, and no doubt he is back home, looked up to by all. If I thought this sorrow and suffering would ever end, it would not be so bad; but instead, with me, it will soon begin. I mean to kill myself and go on. So when you and Jack arrive on hell's train, which I am sure will not be a minute late, I will be at the station to meet you. I want you to see the man that wrecked me on promise of marriage. Mother has played the hypocrite; for she knew my life was ruined and sent me away, telling you I was going to visit her sister.

"Signed, Mary."

Mary mailed the letters she had written. Then, taking her baby in her arms, she kissed it and said good-bye. She placed the child upon the bed, gave it the poison, and turned her head while her child died. When she came back to the bed, the baby was dead. Then kneeling she prayed, and said, "I can't stand this longer. O Lord, have mercy on me." She arose, drank the poison, and fell on the bed by her child.

The chief of police received the letter and hurried to the scene, but both were cold in death. He did not know where the girl was from, so it was impossible to find her people.

The fast train that carried the letter to John Wright soon arrived, and the special delivery letter found its way to him. He quickly opened the letter and read the fate of his child. Turning to his wife he said, "Why did you deceive me all this while?" He threw the letter to his wife, picked up his revolver, and walked away. When Mrs. Wright read the last letter penned by her child, she fell as if she had been shot. One of the neighbors came in and found her on the floor. She called the doctor and soon he was on the scene.

John walked the streets until he met Jack coming out of his office. "Jack, why did you rob my girl as you did?"

Jack's eyes flashed and turning he said, "I did not." John drew his gun and, as Jack saw that John meant to kill him, he began to beg for mercy. "You gave my child no mercy, and you



shall have none," said John. Then he fired; Jack fell against the side of the door, and his eyes rolled back as if God was letting him see his back life. He was dead.

John hurried back to the house and found his wife in a dying condition, and the doctor that had been called to see Mary on that fatal night was by her side. John looked into the face of his wife and saw the last sign of life; she was dead, and had died of a broken heart. The last words John heard her say were, "My child, the old pastor. My God, I am lost."

Turning, John was heard by the doctor to say, "It would not be so bad if I could undo what I have done." He went into the room where he had placed his girl after taking her from the altar, turned, put the pistol to his brain and fired. He had gone to join Mary, Jack, and his wife. Just before killing himself he was heard to say, "If I could only see the old pastor!"

The pastor of the worldly church was called on to preach the funeral of his members. He read for a text Isaiah 53:6, "All we like sheep have gone astray." In his discourse he said though we did go astray we would not be lost. He painted a picture from this text of the church, and said we could not live without sin, but the Lord would not hold it against us, for when we were born we could not be unborn, said he. But he did not say anything about the text that says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Nothing much came out in the paper about this awful happening, and the world went on to be deceived by such men as this worldly pastor.

The godly pastor with his God-loving people had made great progress. Worthy was now on the field with the people she loved, and Brother and Sister Fuller with their money were standing by the holiness school that had made it possible for Worthy to prepare herself for her life's work. This church was ever after a missionary church, supporting a native worker, and giving their money that other missionaries might be sent, and the holiness school prospered.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END